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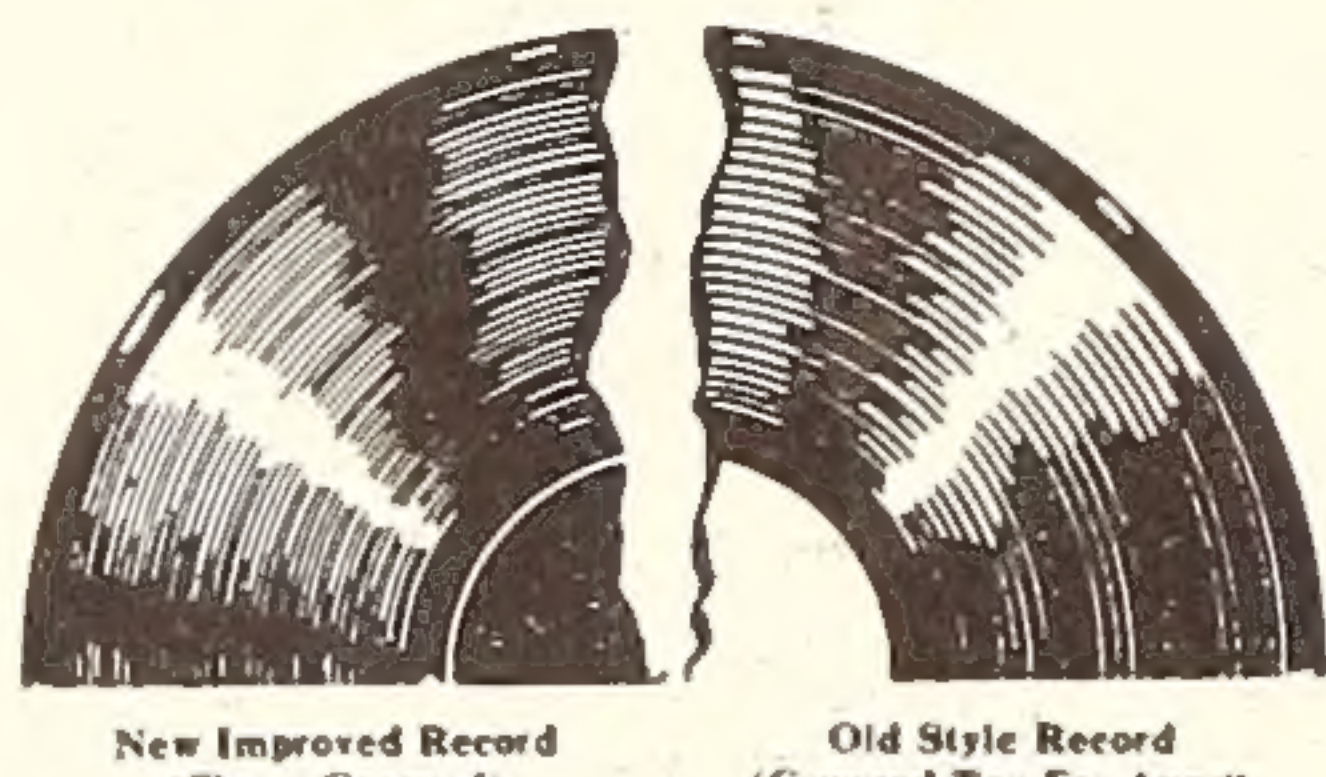
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| 4. YOU, YOU, YOU | 13. BUTTERFLIES |
| 5. VAYA CON DIOS | 14. WITH THESE HANDS |
| 6. ST. GEORGE and the DRAGONET | 15. P.S. I LOVE YOU |
| 7. CRYING IN THE CHAPEL | 16. C'EST SI BON |
| 8. NO OTHER LOVE | 17. WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME |
| 9. OH! | 18. SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE |

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|--------------------------------|---|
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| 3. CRYING IN THE CHAPEL | 13. HOW'S THE WORLD TREATING YOU? |
| 4. A DEAR JOHN LETTER | 14. I WON'T BE HOME NO MORE |
| 5. FORGIVE ME JOHN | 15. TENNESSEE WIG-WALK |
| 6. DEAR JOAN | 16. IT'S BEEN SO LONG |
| 7. BLOWING WILD | 17. NO HELP WANTED |
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| 9. MAMA COME GET YOUR BABY BOY | |
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- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
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| 3. WHITE CHRISTMAS | 13. SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN |
| 4. I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS | 14. FROSTY THE SNOWMAN |
| 5. SILENT NIGHT | 15. YOU'RE ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS |
| 6. ADESTE FIDELIS | 16. SILVER BELLS |
| 7. WINTER WONDERLAND | 17. RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER |
| 8. HAPPY HOLIDAY | 18. CHRISTMAS ISLAND |
| 9. ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS MY TWO FRONT TEETH | |
| 10. LET IT SNOW | |

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- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
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| 2. THE CLOCK | 11. FEELING GOOD |
| 3. PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME | 12. DRAGNET BLUES |
| 4. TOO MUCH LOVIN' | 13. WHY? OH WHY? |
| 5. PLEASE LOVE ME | 14. THIRD DEGREE |
| 6. SHAKE A HAND | 15. 40 CUPS OF COFFEE |
| 7. GET IT | 16. CROSS MY HEART |
| 8. DON'T DECEIVE ME | 17. ONE SCOTCH |
| 9. MERCY? MR. PERCY | 18. CRYING IN THE CHAPEL |

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|--------------------------------|--|
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| 3. YOU BELONG TO ME | 13. TRYING |
| 4. ANYWHERE I WANDER | 14. EVEN NOW |
| 5. TAKES TWO TO TANGO | 15. GLOW WORM |
| 6. MY BABY'S COMING HOME | 16. HAVE YOU HEARD |
| 7. LADY OF SPAIN | 17. SIDE BY SIDE |
| 8. KEEP IT A SECRET | 18. OH HAPPY DAY |
| 9. HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME | |
| 10. WHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME | |

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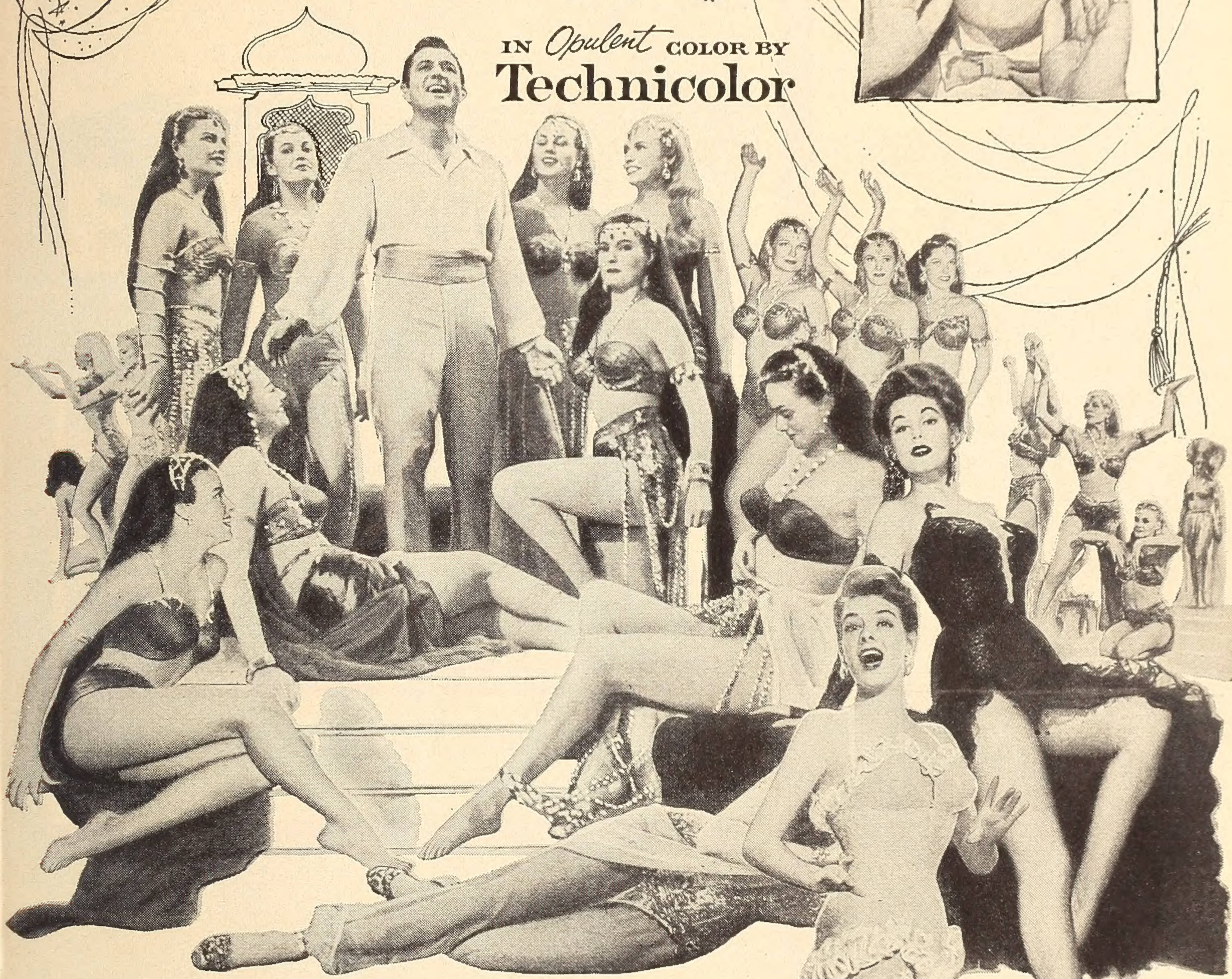
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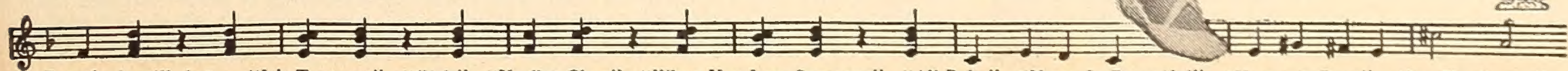
co-starring
Millard Mitchell • William Demarest

with **FRED CLARK • ROBERT STRAUSS**

Produced by **PAUL JONES** • Directed by **CLAUDE BINYON**

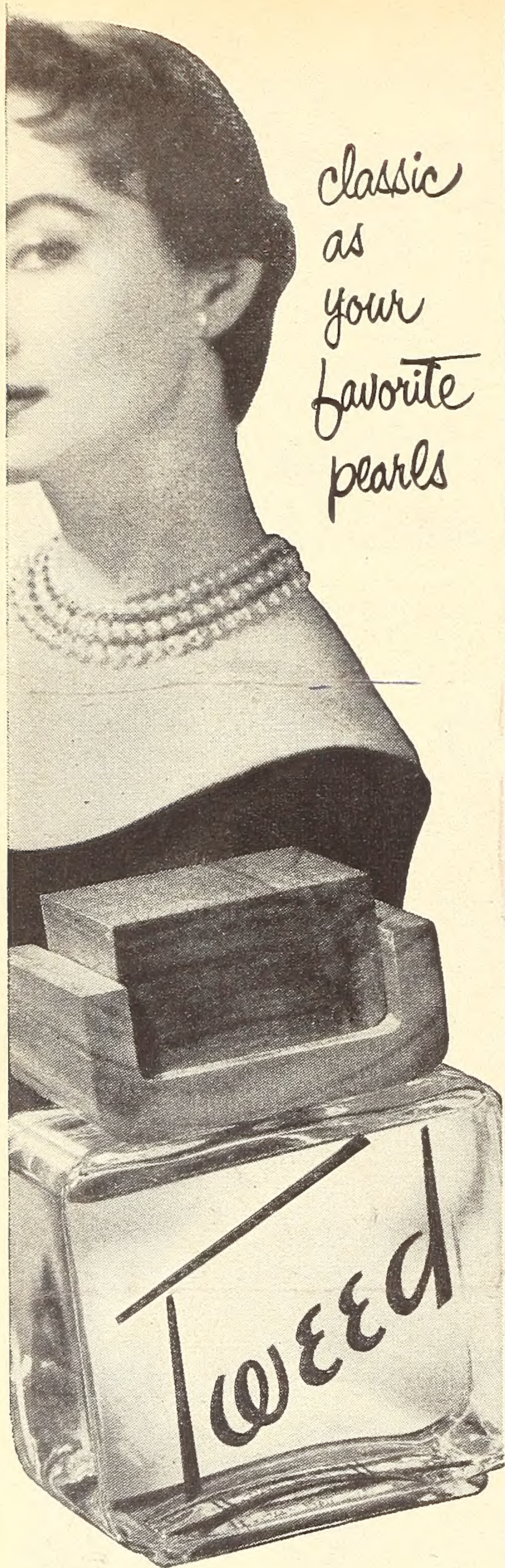
Screenplay by **EDMUND HARTMANN** and **HAL KANTER** • A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**

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Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Three

January, 1954

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On the Cover, Janet Leigh, MGM star, currently on loan
for 20th Century-Fox's "Prince Valiant"

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romantic escapades with Van...
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"Did'ja Ever"
"Look Out! I'm Romantic"
"That's What A Rainy Day Is For"
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ESTHER WILLIAMS • VAN JOHNSON • TONY MARTIN

Screen Play by LASLO VADNAY and WILLIAM ROBERTS

Story by Laslo Vadnay • Directed by CHARLES WALTERS • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

what hollywood itself is talking about!

by Lynn Bowers



Muriel Allan, Eddie Mannix and Bunny Allan heap praises on Ava Gardner for her outstanding performance in "Mogambo," at the film's Hollywood premiere.

HARDLY anything but party talk in the Hollywood highways, by-ways, and dead-end streets. For a country town, we do all right with our little premieres and the parties after, and then just plain social times, for the fun of it. Shirley Booth's arrival for her new picture at Paramount, "About Mrs. Leslie," started a rash of parties like there was no tomorrow. Miss B., who is somewhat of a hermit, had many glamorous guests popping their eyeballs at her when she arrived at her first social do, an elegant one tossed by Leonard Spigelgass, writer of many screenplays. The gimmick for the affair was rather novel—to say hello to Shirley and goodbye to Charles Walters, who was heading to New York to stage the new

Booth musical, "By The Beautiful Sea." Mr. W. is the gentleman who has just recently directed "Lili" and Joan Crawford's new smash, "Torch Song." It was quite a sight to see his present star, Miss C., and his future star, Miss B., yakking it up like they hadn't seen each other for a year—which is about how long it has been since they had.

Couple of nights later U-I producer Ross Hunter had a small and delightful dinner party for our girl Shirl. Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw just about didn't make it because of no baby sitter. This would have been rather a pity since Miss Booth finally decided she'd sing for the gang and, accompanied by Buddy

Pepper—whose "Vaya Con Dios" is still the rage—she had the 20 or so guests absolutely enchanted. Another performer who came on like Gangbusters was Hope Emerson—her latest picture is "Casanova" with a young newcomer named Bob Hope—(they call them Hope and Hope at Paramount). Well, anyway, Hope—Emerson, that is—is a great entertainer and she'll probably hit the road any minute now with this here night club act. Gene Nelson and Jane Powell, looking ecstatically happy, were part of the audience. Later Gene danced, after all the furniture had been moved back out of the way. Janie begged off singing because of a cold.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



Debbie Reynolds and Tab Hunter, her escort, are interviewed by Larry Finley in the lobby of the Egyptian Theatre where premiere of "Mogambo" took place.



Gene Nelson and Jane Powell, still so in love, at the Buddy Baers' party.

sit down, sweetie,
you're
rockin'
the
screen!!

NO GAL
WAS
EVER
SWEETER
AND THE
FLEET
WAS
NEVER
FLEETER!

THE FL
WITH A WAI
AND BACKS A
IN A BROAD
EVERY DAME.
IN A

JANE
POWELL
GORDON
MACRAE

3 SAILORS AND A GIRL

TECHNICOLOR

Seafull of
Songs!

Oceans of
Gals & Gags!

WARNER BROS.
HIP-SWINGIEST,
WING-DINGIEST,
IT'S-GOT-EVERYTHINGIEST
SHINDIG OF EM ALL!

WITH **GENE NELSON** SAM LEVENE · GEORGE GIVOT · **JACK E. LEONARD**

SCREEN PLAY BY ROLAND KIBBEE & DEVERY FREEMAN · Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz · Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

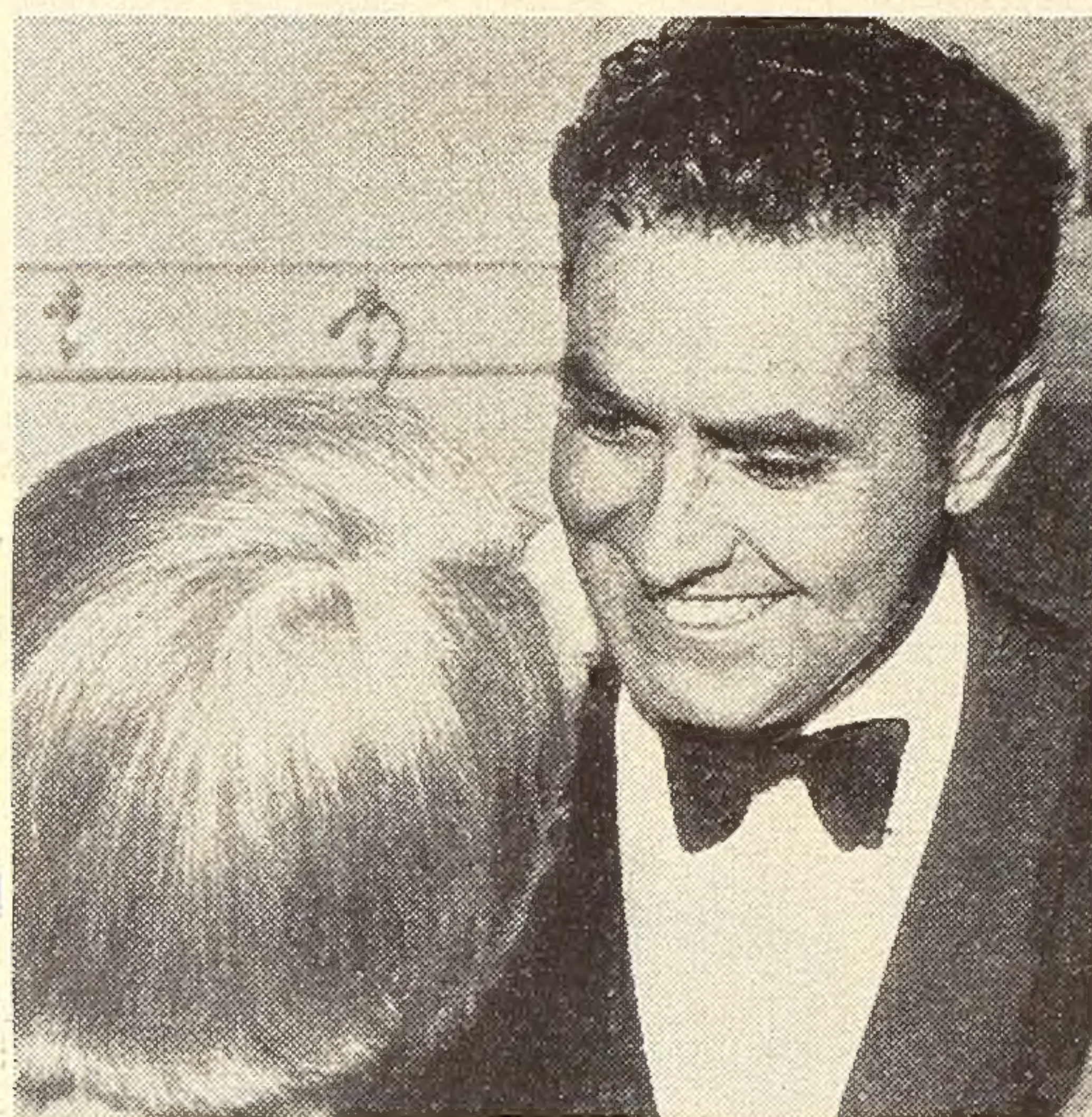
PRODUCED BY SAMMY CAHN · DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH

Man, he's the most
in girth and mirth!

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Press agent Russell Birdwell, Anne Baxter and Charles Laughton, backstage after opening of "John Brown's Body," radiate happiness over audience's enthusiasm.



Norma Shearer congratulates Ty Power on "John Brown's Body" performance.

Agent Henry Willson, who names boy actors funny names like Race Gentry, John Smith, Rock, Tab, Touch, and Rory had an extremely beautiful party that wasn't funny but fun. A sparkling tent, orchestra, a curtain against the swimming pool so no one could fall in by accident or design, champagne corks popping like the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Some of the town's *most* attractive youngsters

were there. Towering over everyone, Rock Hudson—a charmer. Almost as tall and probably the handsomest young man in the world, Bob Kenaston, Jr.—he couldn't miss with such a handsome father and the beautiful Billie Dove his mother. Bob's just about set on a film career and watch out for your hearts, gals. The very charming Touch Connors and his very lovely wife. Cute, petite actress Molly

Dunn with Craig Hill. Choreographer Billy Skipper with Susan Zanuck, doing an impromptu song or two. Skipper and Miriam Nelson doing an out-of-this-world dance. Miriam's about ready to bust loose with her night club act. Jane Withers, looking deevine and bright-eyed. Rhonda Fleming, animated and talking a blue streak. Jane Morgan, whose bow at Charlie Morrison's Mocambo was quite a thing. George Nader, good-looking young man who got terrific raves on his part in "Letters To Loretta." New boy that the host thinks is going to be a terrific star, John Carlisle. Keith Andes, having himself a time. Young Tom Irish visiting with everybody. John Cobb, singer-dancer, jitterbugging with Mrs. Connors. Mike Rayhill, young singer, doing a tango with Terry Moore. Also in the throng, Louella Parsons, Sally Cobb, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Charlie and Mary Morrison. It was quite a fling.

Probably the biggest party of all time was the one which Bo Roos and Bob Fellows gave for their combined 100 years in California, a straight 50 apiece. These gentlemen are old, old pals and business partners with John Wayne, and just about everybody in town crowded into the very gala looking Westside Tennis Club. There were about five bars and a whole flock of orchestras and trios and barber-shop chord singers. The decorations were deevine. Lots of pictures of early California around—in the days when it was a cow pasture in spots. A cake six feet long. Honest. Off-hand, we'd say there was room for about 600 people in the vast tennis club and that about double that number showed. It would have been fun to stick around for all the excitement later, but me and my date, Jacques Mapes, had to go on to another ball.

You should have seen the fans swarm around Joan Crawford at the press showing of "Torch Song." Word got out that the picture was being shown so the Egyptian Theatre was jammed, mobbed, and swamped—not only with fans, regular type, but also fans—actor types who have large crushes on Miss C. Before the show she gave a dinner party at the



Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis startled by a photographer at "Mogambo" opening.



John Hodiak went to see his ex-wife, Anne Baxter, in "John Brown's Body," with Macdonald Carey and his wife. The Careys are expecting their fourth child.

Beachcombers which started out for four people and ended up with twenty. Among the guests were Chuck Walters, who directed the picture, and Nicholas Ray, who's directing Joan's new one, "Johnny Guitar," her first Western. Joan's very high on the idea of the Western deal, but she's not exactly enjoying tramping all over the Arizona mountains in boots, which she did when they were out picking locations.

Coupla nights later some of the same bunch gathered at her house to laugh and yak. Nick had his young son, Timmy (*his mother is Gloria Grahame*), there. Joan's twins, Cathy and Cindy, were having a high time with their handsome young boy friend, the dogs, and even the people. Oh, those twins! They're about the purtiest kids I ever did see.

Just before Mary McCarty took off for her engagement at the Mapes Hotel in Reno a couple of us kids went out on the town—Mel Dinelli, who's just returned from a year in England to write Burt Lancaster's new circus picture, "Trapeze," was one of us kids. Had a small snack at LaRue, caught the Walter Gross Trio at Encore, and the very lovely Dorothy Dandridge at Mocambo, where most of the night club set was assembled to listen to her sing real dreamy.

Stuart Harris, new young singing discovery, made his debut at the next door bistro, the Crescendo—backed by Ted Fio Rito's orchestra and Walter Gross, who had moved after that paragraph just above. One of Stu's best numbers, "Tenderly," is Walter Gross' own tune, you know. We'd been before that to the very popular new Saratoga Restaurant, where a snappy pianist, Jerry Marlowe, operates on the 88's. He's the boy who wrote the "Limelight" score, which you may not hear for a spell since the picture's still banned.

Guess Frank Sinatra has nothing to get gray-haired about. He's done nothing but successful things since "From Here To Eternity." Next thing he'll do, picture-wise, is to co-star with Marilyn Monroe and Dan Dailey in "Pink Tights" at 20th.



Escorted around MGM by studio executive Eddie Mannix, Prince Akihito of Japan meets Ann Blyth and Director Mervyn LeRoy on the set of "Rose Marie."

Who knows how his private life with Ava Gardner is, though?

chronic ailment in the Hollywood matrimonial round-about.

These fellows that get married and then bust up have it pretty rough. Guy Mitchell, who has really climbed the last year, parted from his "Miss America" bride and she wants plenty of loot out of him as a result. This seems to be a

When Dick Powell decided that the directorial job of the stage version of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" was not his cup of tea, a young actor just here from Broadway, Donald Murphy, took off too. Now it looks as if he'll be one of Mr.



The Bob Mitchums at gala party at Romanoff's after "The Robe" opening.



Helen Rose, MGM costume designer, chatting with Greer Garson at premiere of "Mogambo." Greer is now making "Miss Baker's Dozen," her first film in ages.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Geary Steffen and Sheila Connolly at premiere of "John Brown's Body."

Powell's discoveries, film-wise. Until this happens, Don's busying himself with TV programs like "Letters To Loretta" and Rod Cameron's new show. He's viddy handsome, girls.

Some way to cast a picture! Ida Lupino puts herself into the co-starring lead with husband Howard Duff in "Story Of A Cop," which is being produced by an ex-husband of hers, Collier Young.

It's been quite a spell since Claudette Colbert put the dust covers on her Holmby Hills home and went off to Europe. Nearly two years, it was. Claudette said she went right on paying taxes just like she'd never been away. That isn't the reason she went to Europe anyhow.

It would be kinda cute to see young Melinda Markey, her mother, Joan Bennett, and her aunt, Constance Bennett, all in the same show. Might happen too—they're talking of making a stage musical of the famous "The Women."

Kind of strange thing for Ingrid Bergman to be doing—opera. She debuted in "St. Joan At The Stake" at the San Carlo Opera in Naples. Guess who directed? A fellow named Roberto Rossellini. She doesn't sing—her role is merely words with no music, and she was great.



Jan Sterling and Gene Kelly at MGM luncheon for crown prince of Japan.

Talk around is that Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye are mighty friendly on the "White Christmas" set. Bow and scrape to each other and are as polite as anything. Friend of ours ran into a character who was stewing a little bit about having arrived here on the bus to show Bing his new invention. He was worried about how long it was taking Bing to see him, said he'd been in town since ten o'clock that morning and here it was two p.m. already and he was getting mighty tired of waiting around.

After quite some long wait to get a home of their own, Janet and Tony Curtis have finally made the big leap. It's been the apartment routine for them up to now, and they couldn't be happier to have some ground around.

This time when Clark Gable comes home from one of his long stays in Europe he'll return as the re-established King of the movies. Since "Mogambo" came out—his first really good picture in much, much too long—he's all the rage again and ready to go. Well, we're ready for him to do another one like that.

Whether Gordon MacRae wants to



Mona Freeman has tennis suit adjusted before modeling it at fashion show.



Master of ceremonies Gene Nelson and Diane, handknit designer, admire Debbie Reynolds as she models one of Diane's creations at fashion show at Mocambo.



Joanne Gilbert broke up the fashion show audience with her strip tease.



Jean Simmons, one of the stars in "The Robe," and husband, Stewart Granger, chat with Clifton Webb at brilliant Hollywood premiere of the Biblical film.

emote for the movies or not, he's still going to have enough loot to feed the family with all his record contracts and such. This man does concerts and night club appearances and radio and TV just like the movies had never been invented. This, in a different way, could be said of Mario Lanza, too. This lad apparently couldn't care less whether he gets in front of the cameras or not. All he has to do is cut a record and sit back and collect like a slot machine gone crazy.

There was the greatest amount of curiosity about June Haver's return from the Kansas convent to Hollywood. But the plain truth was that she wasn't up to the physical demands of her secluded life. Most people around here are for the girl and hope she gets back into pictures and makes a big success again.

Well, our little mother, Mrs. Vittorio Gassman, broke in her new night club act at the break-in spot in San Diego, The Tops, and it looks like she's a smash-eroo entertainer. It will be fun to see whether she travels with an entourage, like the baby and a nurse and all the stuff—because it looks as if she'll be on the road with the dancin'-and-singin' for some time.

Couple of wanderers of the globe, Cornel Wilde and his ever-lovin' Jean Wallace and the kids arrived back in town with another addition to the family, this time a parrot. The Wildes will settle down here for a spell.

Scott Brady seems happy and in good fettle these days—who wouldn't? He's been dating pretty Constance Smith and on top of that got one of the leads, along

with Sterling Hayden, in the new Joan Crawford picture, "Johnny Guitar."

Don't know when there's been as much excitement in town as over the huge and glitteringly glamorous premiere of "The

Robe" at Grauman's Chinese. The lucky people who were invited to buy tickets to the big deal arrived in droves, and cars, and on foot—just any old way they could get through the mob of fans. Well, it's a magnificent film. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)



Lori Nelson, young starlet now appearing in U-I's "All-American," models one of Diane's beautiful exclusive handknit dresses at fashion show at Mocambo.



Howard Keel does a bit of telling off to Kathryn Grayson, with Ann Codee lined up in her corner, in the witty and lavish Cole Porter musical, "Kiss Me, Kate."

Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

So Big

JANE WYMAN's portrayal of a bereaved daughter forced to make her way teaching school in the rural community of New Holland is a tender, compassionate experience. Based on the Edna Ferber classic, the film traces Jane's marriage to a local farmer, Sterling Hayden, her motherhood, and her grief-stricken experience as a widow trying to make her marsh-drenched farm yield crops. Blessed with an unyielding nature and some influential friends, Jane again makes the farm pay off and with her newly earned profits sends her son, Steve Forrest, to college for a degree in architecture. The son's obvious attempts to break into society and marry into some "fast money" are weathered by the mother, who knows that "So Big"—the boy's pet nickname—is of sturdier material than that. Her faith is justified when the boy returns home and resumes his career plans after an unpleasant in-

terlude with his big city friends. Robert Wise directed the film, which is sensitively enacted by Miss Wyman, Hayden, Nancy Olson, the son's girlfriend, and new screen find, Steve Forrest. "So Big" sums up as ever so good. Warner Brothers.

Kiss Me, Kate

EUREKA! Here's a good old-fashioned musical that fairly drips with lavish trappings. Based on the Broadway success, the film traces what happens when a divorced acting team is reunited for a New York play. To complicate matters, the wife, Kathryn Grayson, has picked up a fiance, Willard Parker, while hubby Howard Keel has taken up with chorus cutie Ann Miller. Both principals have also picked up a bad case of temperament which seems to erupt more faithfully than the Yellowstone geyser. Although it takes a little on-stage disciplining (and a good spanking), Keel man-

ages to get the li'l woman back into the act and back into the family by the time the curtain descends. The musical, which seems to concentrate more on specialty numbers than dialogue, offers Technicolor lensing, Cole Porter music and a show stopping dance number by Ann Miller, who finally comes into her own. Other cast stand-outs include Keenan Wynn, Bobby Van, Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and James Whitmore. George Sydney directed. MGM.

Botany Bay

ALAN LADD and James Mason have been pitted against each other in a hard hitting, seafaring story that fairly smacks of violence, tyranny and treason. Ladd is a medical student, who has been unjustly accused by an English court of stealing his own inheritance. He and 100 other prisoners are exiled to Australia, a new colony the British Crown is populating with prisoners. Their 267-day voyage is made aboard the brigantine *Charlotte*, captained by James Mason. The skipper immediately takes a personal interest in actress Patricia Medina and an instant dislike to Ladd. Alan's quiet authority among the prisoners and his medical knowledge concerning plagues bring about several thunderous explosions between prisoner and captain before the boat reaches Australia and the safe protection of colony Governor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Written by the authors of "Mutiny On the Bounty," there are many sequences reminiscent of that film success. Mason's role is every bit as strong as Charles Laughton's *Captain Bligh*, while Miss Medina is effective as a spirited wench. Ladd's role, of course, is hand-tailored in the John Farrow production. Paramount.

Calamity Jane

DORIS DAY as *Calamity Jane* comes blazing on the screen like a sky rocket on the Fourth of July. She's a hard hittin', buckskin wearin' gal, who



Jane Wyman and Sterling Hayden make "So Big" a tender, moving experience.

believes in serenading, shooting and sassing her men. The object of her affections is a cavalry lieutenant (*Philip Carey*), while her chief tormentor is *Wild Bill Hickok* (*Howard Keel*). It's on a dare from Keel that Doris agrees to go to Chicago and bring back musical comedy star Gale Robbins to appear in the local saloon. Unfortunately, Doris mistakes Miss Robbins' maid, Allyn McLerie, for the star and brings her back to Deadwood City. The maid continues the masquerade until opening night when, panicky with stage fright, she confesses to Doris and the saloon audience her real identity. It takes Doris' trusty six-shooter to quiet the irate audience and to save Allyn's job. In return, the maid decides to reciprocate by making a lady out of Doris. The amusing results and the impossible situations that follow offer a springboard for some lively antics and some toe tapping tunes. **Warner Brothers.**

Escape From Fort Bravo

WILLIAM HOLDEN, a Union cavalry officer at an Arizona outpost, is kept busy simultaneously guarding Confederate captives and fighting off Indian attacks. To discourage John Forsythe and the other Southern prisoners from escaping, Holden makes an example out of



Doris Day's trusty six-shooter subdues Allyn McLerie just as it does half the male population of Deadwood City in "Calamity Jane," a lively Western musical.

every straying captive. Forsythe and his handpicked crew—William Demarest, William Campbell, John Lupton—make no attempt for freedom until Eleanor Parker arrives on the scene. Eleanor, a Southern sympathizer, tells Holden she has come to the Fort for the marriage of the commander's daughter, Polly Bergen. She doesn't tell him that she has also come to arrange the escape of Forsythe and his men. Although Eleanor and the men manage successfully to slip out of the Fort, their escape is marred by an Indian attack, which finds Holden and the Southerners joining forces against their common enemy. Film, which was

shot against the stark beauty of Death Valley, is an off-beat Western that seems to follow the gaunt, moody pattern established by "Shane". **MGM.**

Marry Me Again

THE pairing of Marie Wilson and Robert Cummings results in some of the season's zaniest shenanigans. No matter how much you spruce up the story, producer Alex Gottlieb's got a good old-fashioned slapstick comedy—and that ain't bad. The comedians' antics springboard from their inability to get married. First, Cummings receives a "greetings"



"Marry Me Again" is zany slapstick with Marie Wilson, Robert Cummings.



Eleanor Parker and William Holden in a lighter moment from "Escape From Fort Bravo," story of Civil War days which for the most part follows a stark mood.



Tangier, the city of mystery and intrigue, provides the background for "Flight To Tangier," an exciting spy story starring Corinne Calvet and Jack Palance.



Set in war-time England, "Paratrooper," is a happy blending of action and romance, with Alan Ladd as a brooding, troubled hero in love with Susan Stephen.

from Uncle Sam, and then Marie receives a \$100,000 inheritance which causes Bob to bow out of the picture. In between their various visits to the parson, the couple manages to get rid of all the money plus several scheming sharksters. The glib goings-on are fast, funny and terribly frantic. **RKO.**

Flight To Tangier

THE name Tangier immediately images a city of mystery and intrigue, and this latest Nat Holt production goes right along with the popular conception. An emissary from behind the Iron Curtain is due to arrive at the free city's airport with a \$3,000,000 letter of credit. Anxiously awaiting his arrival are Joan Fontaine, fiancée of the plane's pilot; Jack Palance, co-owner of the plane; Corinne Calvet, Robert Douglas and Marcel Dalio, members of a blackmarket gang dealing in stolen airplanes. When the plane crashes, Joan and Palance go searching through the ruins and discover there was nobody aboard. Each of the quintet immediately starts his own private search for the missing pilot and man. Their obvious involvements with one another, plus the numerous counterplots and chase sequences keeps one spinning from problem to problem. Eventually all the loose ends tie together and Joan and Palance emerge as FBI agents working on the same case. **Paramount.**

Paratrooper

ENGLAND'S famous "chute" boys are glorified in this new Alan Ladd starrer filmed entirely on the British Isles and laid in 1941. Although he acquits himself admirably during his training period, Ladd refuses to comment on his past and stubbornly dodges any commission commander Leo Genn recommends for him. His attitude not only puzzles his superiors but pretty air base



The tyrannical James Mason has eyes on Patricia Medina in "Botany Bay."



Roberta Haynes is a dance hall queen who helps Rock Hudson rescue his fiancée, Donna Reed, from the hands of a desperado in "Gun Fury," Western chase film.

employee Susan Stephen. In a romantic moment, Ladd confides to her that he is a former U.S. Air Corps officer who gave the wrong command which killed his best friend. He wants no more responsibility. While on commando tactics, however, he is forced to assume responsibility when Genn is wounded. Ladd not only rescues the men, but saves his own self-respect. There's a happy blending of action and romance in this Technicolor movie which features an all-English supporting cast. **Columbia.**

Gun Fury

ROCK HUDSON and Donna Reed are on their way to get married and to begin a new life in California, when desperado Phil Carey wounds Rock and captures

the bride-to-be. The remaining 86 minutes of the film find Hudson vainly trying to round-up a posse and launch a manhunt. The sheriff and most of the town's decent citizens are afraid to get involved, so Rock turns to a dance hall queen, Roberta Haynes, a bandit, Leo Gordon, and an Indian, Pat Hogan. Although each of Rock's compatriots have an opportunity to kill Carey they each muff their chance and in the final reel it is Hudson who rescues his fiancée and revenges himself. The film, which has a shortage of major scenes among the two co-stars, emerges as a tautly building chase-type Western, set in the 1800's. Miss Reed and Hudson make a pleasing team and there's plenty of chance for Rock to get in the standard number of "beefcake" and heroic shots. **Columbia.**

Those Redheads From Seattle

THOSE redheads" refers to Rhonda Fleming, Teresa Brewer and Cynthia Bell who play sisters journeying from Seattle to the Yukon to join their father. When they arrive, they find their father has been murdered, presumably because of his attacks on a saloon run by Gene Barry. Rhonda finds herself falling in love with the gambler, and finally learns that although Barry was involved in her father's killing, it was only as an innocent party. Gay musical in 3-D introduces Guy Mitchell and such rollicking tunes as "Baby, Baby, Baby" and "Chick-A-Boom." The youngest of the Bell Sisters, Kay, has a few funny moments as the family's outcast since she is a blonde. It marks Pine and Thomas' first whirl at musicals. **Paramount.**

The Glass Webb

U-I HAS finally done it. They have taken all of the latest inventions and tossed them into one picture which has resulted in a story about TV being filmed in 3-D. The outcome is a timely, tense drama woven around a video mystery writer, John Forsythe; a blackmailing actress, Kathleen Hughes, and an enamored casting director, Edward G. Robinson. Forsythe has had a slight affair with Kathleen, but has called the whole thing off because of his wife, Marcia Henderson. He makes his decision too late, because Kathleen has swiped a pair of his pajamas and is demanding \$2,500 for their return. Before Forsythe can make payment, Kathleen is murdered and Robinson has persuaded the police to let him and Forsythe dramatize the event on their TV show. Reluctantly, Forsythe finds himself writing a script that piles up circumstantial evidence on him. The power-packed ending, the televised trapping of the murder, and the mounting race against time add to film's documentary appeal. **Universal-International. END**



John Forsythe and Kathleen Hughes go from love to hate in "The Glass Web."



"Those Redheads From Seattle" are Rhonda Fleming, Teresa Brewer and Cynthia Bell, who, with their blonde sister, Kay Bell, find love on the Yukon.

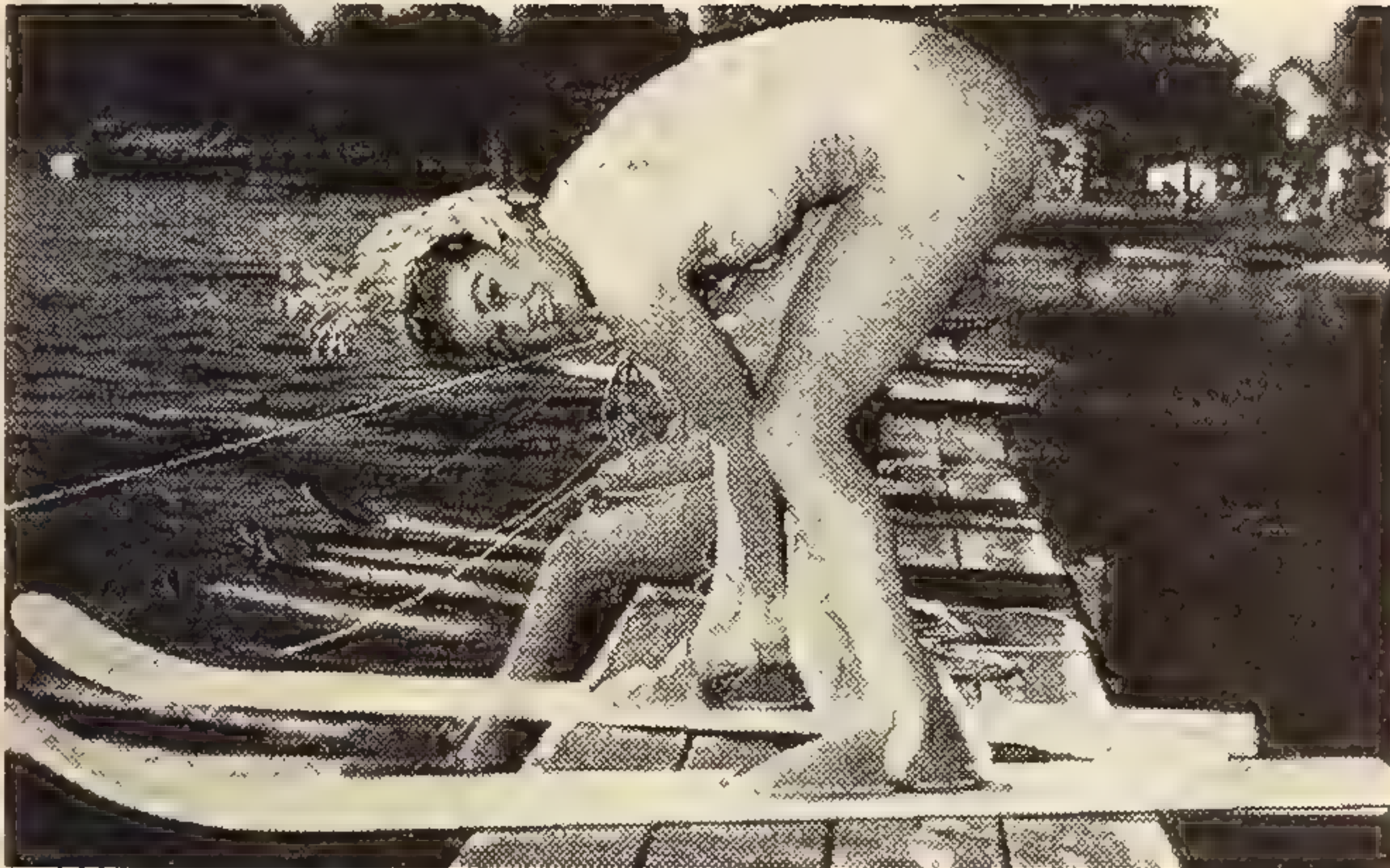
CONSTANT

Esther uses no double for her thrilling water ski scenes in "Easy To Love," filmed at the famous Cypress Gardens in Florida.



NYMPH

NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SEE ESTHER WILLIAMS AS A WATER NYMPH, SHE ALWAYS EXUDES A FRESH SPARKLE



Adjusting her water skis for dock take-off and spectacular scene. Esther took many lessons, spills.



Esther relaxes between water scenes in a life preserver. Motherhood hasn't hampered career.



Very much Mrs. Ben Gage in private life, Esther shields eyes from photog's flash-bulb as she and her husband have night out.

MANY singers who sign movie contracts are never cast in singing roles, many dancers do everything but dance, but not so with swimmer Esther Williams. She's had an unbroken success of swimming roles ever since she started making movies, back in 1942, in one of Mickey Rooney's *Andy Hardy* comedies. Moviegoers have enjoyed seeing beautiful Esther so much in her water routines that her studio, MGM, simply can't omit a swimming sequence, no matter what the plot of the picture, without causing an uproarious avalanche of criticism from fans and exhibitors. "Easy To Love," Esther's latest Technicolor musical, again features her in a spectacular water routine. But, as always, there's a newness to it and you feel as if never before have you seen this aqua queen perform, beauty in action being ever delightful to behold. **END**



As a change of pace, Esther does clown bit, explodes from box of dynamite, plays with seals.

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ANY KIND
OF WOMAN!

The story of Eddie Darrow,
the forbidden woman he
wanted and the dangerous
bargain he dared to make!

Forbidden



Starring
TONY CURTIS
JOANNE DRU
LYLE BETTGER with **MARVIN MILLER**

DIRECTED BY RUDOLPH MATÉ • SCREENPLAY BY WILLIAM SACKHEIM AND GIL DOUD
PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Montgomery Clift did a terrific double-take when he learned that his starrer with Jennifer Jones, "Terminal Station," was likely to be changed to "Indiscretions Of An American Wife." Provocative eh?

Danny Kaye has a brand new personality in Paramount's "Knock On Wood." Seems the Technicolor camera photographs Danny's blond hair a bright orange.

Esther Williams was swimming two weeks after the birth of her daughter. She was starring in a radio show on the fourth week, and less than two months later she had her pre-baby figure back.

Gene Raymond is one of the few Hollywoodites to have a commercial pilot's license. He recently went to Las Vegas—not for gambling—but to add 15 more flying hours to his record.

Did Bob Wagner draw the attention when he sauntered into the Beverly Hills Hotel wearing gray slacks, yellow sweater, blue blazer and crazy red socks!

Janet Leigh had to bow out of singing at the Jack Mapes' party due to a cold, so Shirley Booth and Hope Emerson pinch-hit. "We may not have hit as high a note as Janet," Hope admitted, "but we were louder."

Howard Duff, Ida Lupino and their daughter, Bridget, are packing their bags for a month's siesta in Brazil. Seems they were thinking of a vacation spot, when they glimpsed a calendar showing the bay at Rio. That did it, they phoned for sailing reservations.

They love Ann Blyth in Ireland. MGM has counted some 1500 requests from the Emerald Isle for photos of Ann and her groom, Dr. McNulty.

Shades of Andy Hardy! Mickey Rooney's new television format boasts not even one man-to-man talk. Instead, Mick's father is a policeman who met his video mother while raiding her burlesque show.

Jane Powell announced she would play the London Palladium just after friends learned Gene Nelson would be Europe-bound for a picture. He'll play a GI who gets involved in foreign intrigue, with nary a tap in it.

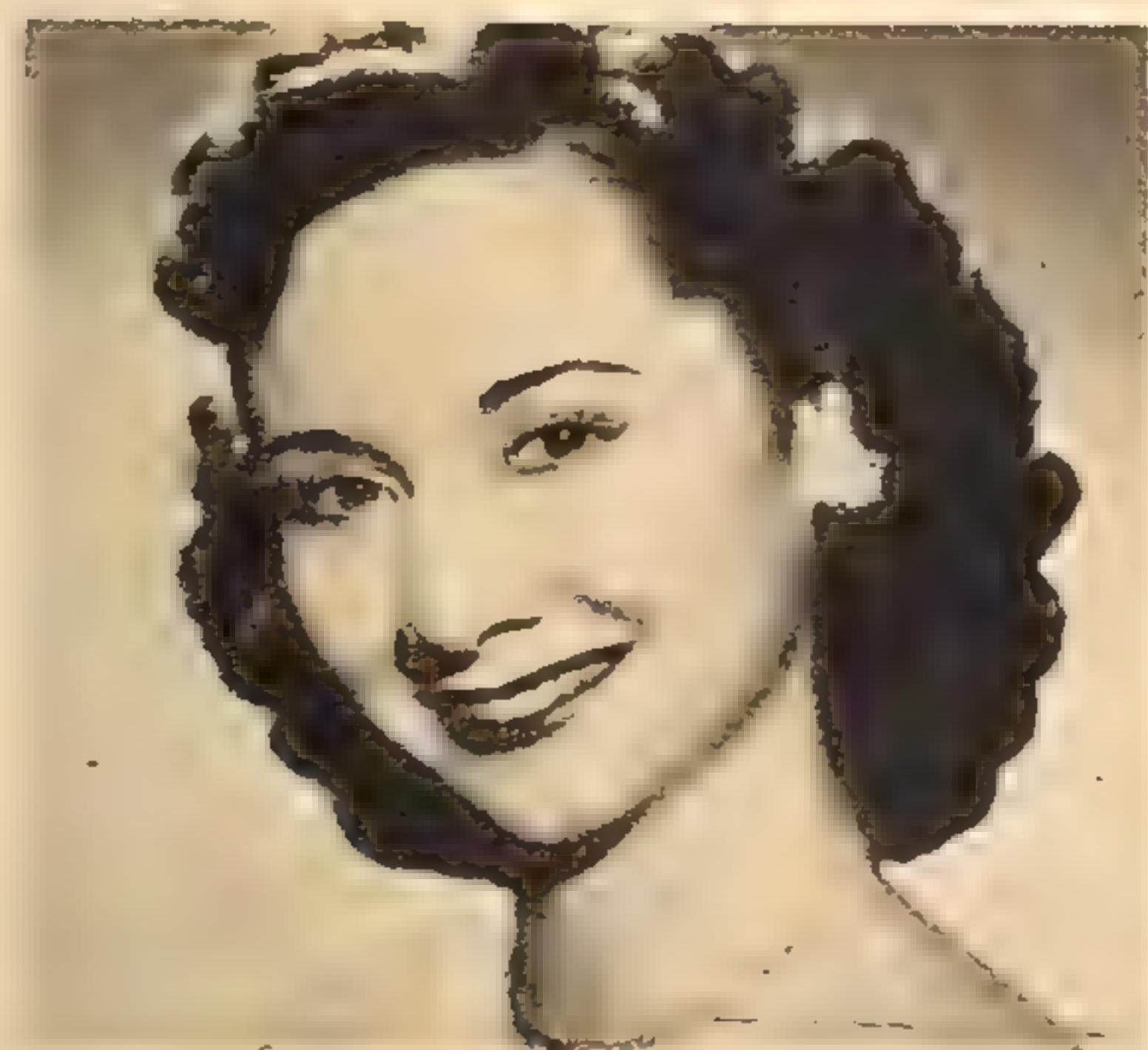
Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen play sisters who sing and dance in "White Christmas," and you should have heard them scream with surprise when co-stars Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye did a wild imitation of them. It was so good, Director Bob Alton decided to film it and add it to the picture.

END



Her fiancé, Pierre Galante, back in France, Olivia de Havilland attends "Ice Follies" opening with Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin.

Tab Hunter and Debbie Reynolds chatting with Marlene Jackson of "Ice Follies." Tab and Rock Hudson are feuding over Lori Nelson. ▶



OFF-THE-RECORD NEWS OF THE SCREEN'S MOST INTRIGUING STARS

Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip

BETTE DAVIS and Gary Merrill are quietly reading Broadway play scripts with an eye to teaming up for a late 1954 return to New York footlights, in a production to be financed by them. It will be Merrill's first since his "Born Yesterday" appearance opposite Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas; Bette's first since last year's ill-fated revue, "Two's Company" . . .

Hildegard Neff's most consistent suitor is a famed Broadway-Hollywood producer-director who'll fly to Hamburg, Germany, during the Christmas holidays, in an attempt to make her his next—and third—wife. Both Hildegard and Audrey Hepburn, linked romantically with Gregory Peck in the past, are on speaking terms with Peck's wife, Greta, despite reports to the contrary . . .

Greta Peck's decision to file for divorce charging Greg with desertion and mental cruelty, has their mutual friends greatly relieved. The "other woman" angle will

not enter into the proceedings because of the Peck youngsters. Intimates further feel that Greta's first move in consulting her attorneys about divorce measures may in turn be an important factor in Greg's returning home to effect a reconciliation . . .

THE Santa Monica Set is getting its yocks over film-dom's latest feud—the coolness displayed between Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter over the attentions of starlet Lori Nelson. Since both actors have the same agent, Henry Willson, and it's their ten percenter who masterminds the Hollywood romances so heavily publicized to the delight of bobby-soxers, both Rock and Tab had better patch up their differences before agent Willson has his newest client, Michael Rayhill, step in to woo the lovely Lori . . .

The situation gets tense in the various Hollywood night clubs when Jane Powell and Gene (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



Clifton Webb, who never left his mother's side while she was so ill, greets Susan Hayward at "The Robe" premiere. Susan has a new interest—Bob Wagner.

two weeks after she left for home. She's very wealthy, too, which won't hurt her standing with practical Kirk . . .

STEVE COCHRANE secretly dated Lady Iris Mountbatten. (descendent of Queen Victoria) during his Manhattan whirl and they visited a small, off-beat cafe nightly. Steve didn't dig the reason why until their last night out on the town before he left Gotham—Lady Iris has a mad crush on the baritone who is the main attraction at the East Side night club. Steve did a slow burn when he finally saw the light . . .

Clifton Webb cancelled all social engagements when his beloved mother, Mabel, took a turn for the worse. He never left his Beverly Hills mansion during a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

Nelson walk in arm-in-arm and spot Geary Steffen dating Sheila Connolly, whom everyone expects will become the next Mrs. G. S. As uncomfortable as that may be, picture Jane and Gene slipping quietly into a corner booth at the Brown Derby, and coming face-to-face with Geary and Miriam Franklin Nelson who were lunching with their attorneys. There was no way out—no dancing away to another table, and the quartet of principals in 1953's most-spectacular Hollywood love affair just sat and stared at each other. Miriam Nelson was the first to leave the restaurant and she did nothing to hide her tears . . .

The Lana Turner-Lex Barker idyll is tottering even at this early date. Two days after their wedding, Lana went into seclusion and wouldn't speak to anyone—not even Lex—for three days. Her friends are worried and feel her latest marriage is another mistake if she's to continue her film

career. A baby by Barker may help . . .

JUDY GARLAND continued to work her way through her "A Star Is Born" assignment despite an aching, impacted wisdom tooth which she kept a secret from her husband-producer Sid Luft and director George Cukor. Extraction of the painful molar would have held up production on her comeback film and Judy wasn't having any more delays, even at the risk of sleepless nights and a possible infection similar to that suffered by Bette Davis . . .

Grace Kelly is trying to forget Clark Gable by dating most of Hollywood's eligible males, but the torch she carries for "The King" can be seen from Catalina on a clear night . . .

Kirk Douglas has flipped completely over Ethel Becher, a beautiful New York divorcee, whom he met in Rome. He tried to get her to return to Italy



Della Russell welcomes Jane Russell, Jane Powell, Rhonda Fleming to home.



Gordon MacRae, Joan Welden and Merv Griffin on Sheilah MacRae's TV show.

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Gives all day protection against perspiration and odor.

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39c
59c



VETO SPRAY

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your mind at ease!

economy size **39c**
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BUTLER BROTHERS

BEN FRANKLIN



SCOTT'S



BUTLER BROTHERS

HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO

GOTHAM fans of Leslie Caron couldn't believe their eyes when their idol arrived at the Music Box Theatre to see Ralph Meeker in the play, "Picnic." Lili looked like anything but a movie star—her lack of make-up, unkempt hair-do and wrinkled clothes were a shock to the autograph hounds who crowded around her, not so much for her signature but for another look. They weren't sure it was Leslie Caron; she was dressed and looked more like the character in "So Big" than Jane Wyman did . . .

Fernando Lamas is being plagued by a Manhattan florist who would like to collect for dozens of posies sent to his Dahling—Arlene—a while back when they were both having a whirl in Our Town. Fernando denies he ever ordered the blooms, claims it's a mistake. What the florist says in rebuttal is unprintable . . .

Betty Hutton and her dance director-husband, Charles O'Curran, gave Charles ("Chuck") Walters a cool reception when he visited them backstage at the Palace Theatre where Betty resumed her two-a-day vaudeville shows. Walters, in town to direct Shirley Booth in the new musical play, "By The Beautiful Sea," in which



Leslie Caron, at "The Robe" premiere with husband George Hormel, should have been as dressed up at theatre in N.Y.

**VISITING HOLLYWOOD STARS OFTEN SET
BLASE NEW YORK BACK ON ITS HEELS**

Danton Walker's



HOLLYWOOD ON



Anne Baxter, chatting with MacDonald Carey's wife, was in a freak accident.

How does Frank Sinatra feel about his Ava working with ex-pal Lana Turner?

she'll star after completion of "Mrs. Leslie's Place," took the slight matter-of-factly . . .

DEBORAH KERR's outstanding success in the stage play, "Tea And Sympathy," has Greer Garson, Joan Crawford and Jane Wyman showing undue interest in play scripts now being submitted to them in between Hollywood film commitments. Only Joan Crawford, of the trio, would seem a likely prospect to attempt an acting debut on the Broadway stage. It's something she's longed to do for years and years . . .

Bill Holden declined all and any bids to private parties during the New York filming of "Sabrina Fair" and he wouldn't go out on interview appointments with femme reporters unless a studio representative went along. Bill and his wife Brenda Marshall are fighting the separation rumors and he played it safe right down the line—wouldn't even sup with Audrey Hepburn unless director Bill Wyler tagged along . . . (CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

BROADWAY



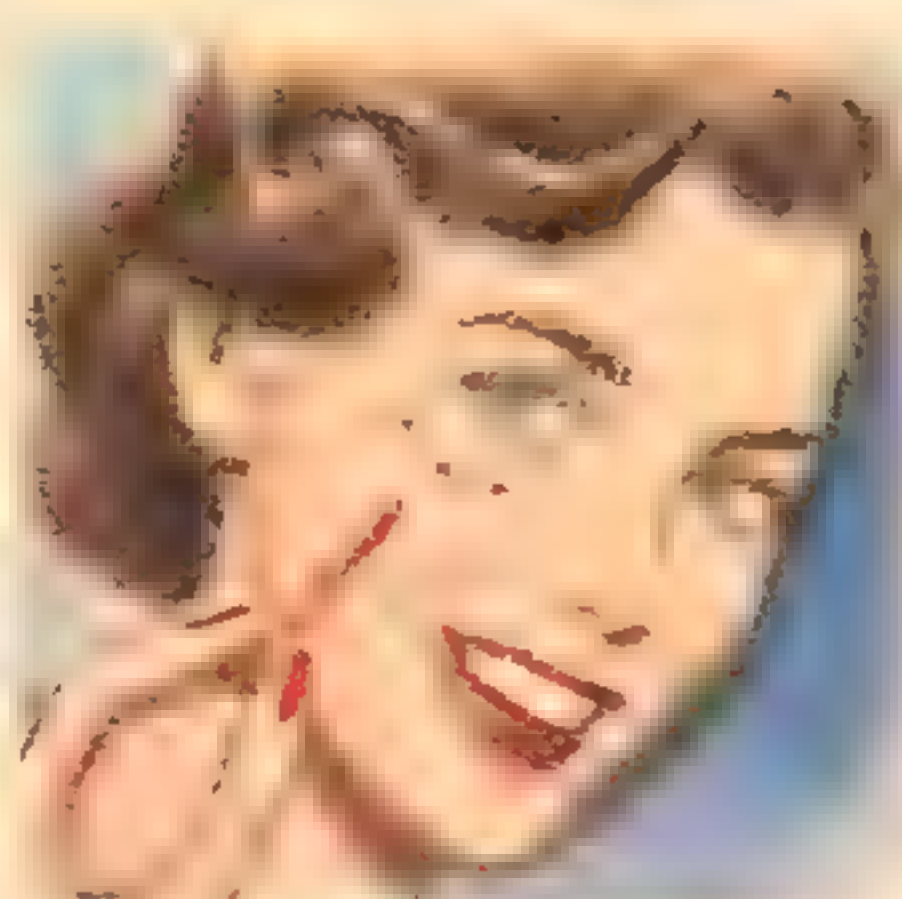
Terry Moore puts on the charm for the boss of Columbia Studios, Harry Cohn.

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End that pasty rouged look forever!
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Here's all you do. Just apply 3 dots of Heather Natural Glow in a triangle under your eyes, using exclusive applicator cap.

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CUPID AND THE STORK WERE BUSY IN HOLLYWOOD IN 1953, BUT THERE WERE HEARTBREAKS TOO

HOLLYWOOD FACTS OF LIFE

By Fredda Dudley Balling

THE STORK, probably Hollywood's most popular two-footed personality, did very well for himself during 1953 and obliged many parents by delivering exactly the sex ordered. (No reference to the Kinsey Report, another city-shaking first edition, is intended.)

Esther Williams and Ben Gage had their daughter, in October, to round out a family of two sons; Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding acquired their son in January, as did Michael and Maggie Rennie in March. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz welcomed Desi IV on January 19, as the most publicized infant ever born.

On January 5, Phyllis Thaxter and James Aubrey became the parents of a little brother for daughter, Susan, who is seven.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gosden (of "Amos 'n Andy") celebrated January 10 by welcoming Linda, 7 lbs., 6 oz. Their son was born in 1949.

Vittoria Gina Gassman (*jumping the gun by a full month*) leaped into the world on February 17, to the delight of Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman. Incidentally, Vittoria made alphabet soup out of astrologers who had predicted her debut on St. Patrick's day.

Washington's birthday was chosen as his own by Preston Sturges, Jr., son of the director and his wife, Anne.

March ushered in a daughter for Colonel Robin Olds and Ella Raines, and April supplied daughters to Erle Jolson Krasna and producer Norman Krasna, to Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw, and—in Rome—to Marta Toren and Leonardo Bercovici.

Remember the wonderful pictures taken of Mary Hacker Swope by her father when the youngster was only a few hours old? Her father, John Swope, acquired another camera subject on May 18, when Dorothy McGuire presented him with a son, Mark, who weighed in at 8 lbs., 2 ounces.

Another May acquisition was Duncan Paris West, adopted by Eve Arden and Brooks West to supply their two adopted daughters with a brother.

In West Palm Beach, Florida, Judy Canova and Philip Rivero were impressed by Miss Diana who checked in on June 2, and on June 17, Ruth Hussey and Bob Longnecker telephoned all their friends to talk about the daughter they (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



Collapse temporarily halted Vivien Leigh's film career.



Rosie Clooney's marriage to Jose Ferrer was no surprise.



Linda Christian and Tyrone Power had second daughter.



Kirk Douglas was busy playing field, romantically.



Romantic highlight of year was Ann Blyth-Dr. James McNulty wedding.



Is Marilyn Monroe, or is she not, Mrs. DiMaggio?



Esther Williams and Ben Gage got wish: a sister for the boys.



European spies insist Gene Tierney will be a Princess.



The Gregory Peck marriage seems ended by Greta's divorce action.



Divorce from Jess Barker is set for Susan Hayward.



The Haymes-Hayworth marriage was stage-managed by a publicity man.



Ill health interrupted June Haver's convent novitiate.



Lana Turner and Lex Barker were married with flashbulbs popping.



Romance of Jane Powell, Gene Nelson rocked town.



Marriage of Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner was shaky.



by Betty Ann Welch

SHOW BUSINESS HAS NEVER KNOWN THE LIKES OF SO UNUSUAL A GUY

SEVERAL attempts have been made in the past to analyze that "something" which Arthur Godfrey has that brought him such resounding success. That he and his story are slightly phenomenal in the highly competitive world of show business is evident when you take a good look at this man. First of all, to find out what he is, perhaps we can eliminate a few things that he isn't. He is not a comedian. He is not a singer. He is not a musician. He is not a salesman (*in the traditional sense of "pitchman"*). But being able to do all of these things moderately well and at the same time being absolutely an average human being, has brought him into almost individual touch with each person in his audience. The viewers sympathize and participate through him in everything that he does. So that, starting with no great talent in any one direction, he ends up being just about the greatest comedian, singer, musician and salesman.

"Godfrey" vies with "Eisenhower" as a household word in this country, but what kind of a person is he really, and how did he get where he is today? Millions of people want to know "The real inside story of Godfrey." But very few know it.

The story starts very humbly, and it is Godfrey's simple background and his slow, hard-working rise to fame that possibly hold a clue to his great appeal to the people whom he knows so well—the average Americans.

Arthur Godfrey started with nothing but the clothes on his back—he started out on his own at the age of 14, joined the Navy when he was 16, worked his way up as a professional entertainer through announcing on the radio, being a disc jockey on a morning show, appearing in vaudeville as "Red Godfrey And His Talking Banjo," and leading his own orchestra. Godfrey worked hard and has never lost touch with the knowledge of how hard and stoney was the climb to fame. He hasn't forgotten the days (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)



Godfrey is doing what we'd all like to do, enjoying it just as we'd enjoy it.



Has no great talent in any one direction, yet he's our greatest entertainer.

ARTHUR GODFREY'S UNBELIEVABLE STORY

"When I was broke, nobody ever gave me anything. Now that I have money, I don't need to buy anything. It's given to me."





HERE ARE TWO DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT
VIEWPOINTS ON DORIS DAY, REVEALING HOW HOLLYWOODITES
HONESTLY FEEL ABOUT HER OFF-SCREEN PERSONALITY

by Meg Morgan and Tom Carlson



WHAT THEY LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT DORIS

HOLLYWOOD doesn't like Doris Day because she's become such a perfectionist that, in dealing with others, she's prone to expect perfection, too. Waitresses in the studio commissary find her difficult to please. She'll send food back to the kitchen because, "it isn't cooked properly." Sometimes she sniffs suspiciously and asks, "Are you sure it's fresh?"

Her clothes sense is good, but she has such definite likes and dislikes it frustrates fashion experts when they try to create something original for her. Once she says "no" there's little hope of dissuading her. She's such a meticulous housewife, her standards challenge the servant situation. As one departing domestic put it: "Miss Day is nice to know and difficult to work for. She even finds dust—where there *ain't* no dust!"

Hairdressers, make-up artists, wardrobe women and her set crews believe she's changed. Director Michael Curtiz, who discovered her, believes she's changed. "Hollywood is filled with ungratefals," generalized the man who gave Doris her big break in "Romance On The High Seas." Recently he wanted her for "The Jazz Singer," but she refused the role. So instead of remaining friends, they became "friendly"—and Peggy Lee played the part.

She was easy-going, cooperative and skeptical of no one when she first arrived in Hollywood. Life to her was one long irresponsible ball. According to co-workers, she's gradually grown contradictory, provocative (CONTINUED ON PAGE 55)

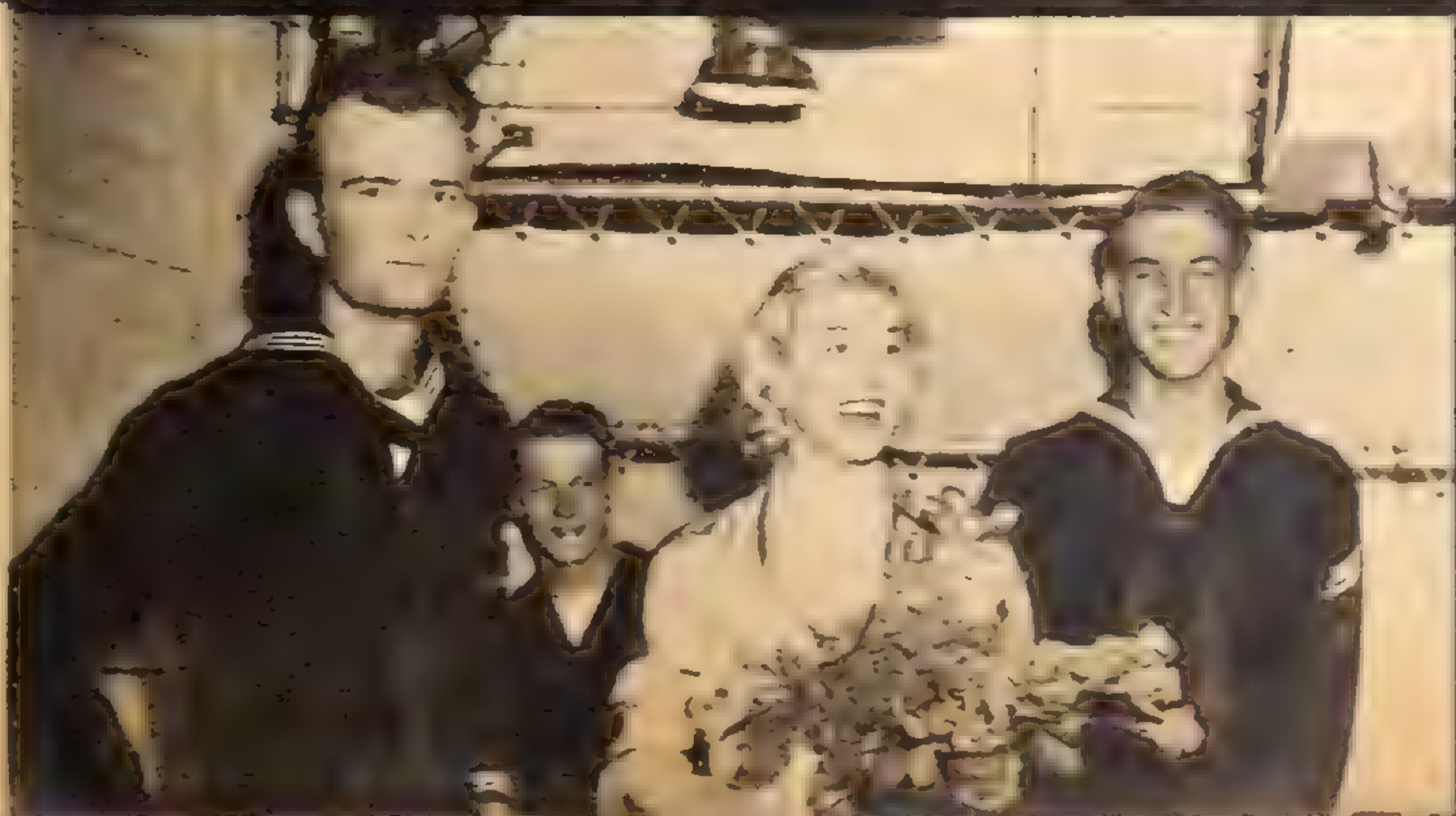


With husband Marty Melcher, who is her manager.



Admits she's no great actress; wants to be herself.

Guest of gobs on the *Juneau*. She's reluctant about appearing at benefits. Many feel Doris is contradictory.



She's a perfectionist; doesn't gossip, smoke, drink; hates flattery.







In England for "Personal Affair." Aly joined her.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER?



Gene understands Aly better than ex-wife Rita.

GENE TIERNEY WOULD BE HAPPY AS ALY KHAN'S PRINCESS

by Louis Reid



At party on Riviera. Both enjoy the gay social life.

WILL glamorous Gene Tierney be the next American bride of Moslem Prince Aly Khan?

Is the exotically beautiful screen star, famed as Hollywood's best-dressed woman, destined to move upward—in rank—from a countess to a princess?

According to European indications, it is as certain as the blue of the Mediterranean or the black and red of the roulette wheels at Monte Carlo.

Aly and Gene have been inseparable for months. As far back as last January Paris believed their marriage was imminent. When last Spring she began to sport a diamond ring which Aly put on her finger, bets were even laid concerning the date of the altar march.

Any day now is the word along the boulevards and on the Riviera. However, announcement of marriage plans has been put off "for a while," it was said, because the Aga Khan, Aly's fabulously wealthy father, does not want his son to marry too soon after his much-publicized marital break-up with Rita Hayworth.

The French, the English, the Swiss; yes, and the Americans, too—those in Hollywood especially—are confident Gene could and would make a brilliant go of a marriage with Aly.

Why? Because Gene Tierney has always wanted to be a princess. What is more, Aly is convinced she not only is to the manor-born, but to the manner-bred. She has the cultural, the chic and swanky and social background for the role.

Her full name for more than ten years was Countess Gene Eliza Taylor Tierney Loiewski-Cassini. She was formerly the wife of Count Oleg Loiewski-Cassini, noted Hollywood and New York dress designer and suave scion of the Italian-Russian nobility.

Gene is also a super-sophisticate—an essential (CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

Brooklyn-born Gene always yearned to be real princess.

HOW TO GET



Janet with Donald
O'Connor in "Walking
My Baby Back
Home," U-I musical.

A MAN BACK

"OF ALL TRICKY PROBLEMS, THIS ONE IS LOADED WITH DYNAMITE—FOR THE FUTURE. BUT IF THERE'S GOOD REASON TO RENEW THE ROMANCE, THEN YOU HAVE YOUR WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU"

by Janet Leigh



"If a girl wants a man back, she shouldn't play hard to get."

I ONCE tried to get a man back when a romance blew up. And of all the tricky problems to handle, this is one that is potentially loaded with dynamite—for the future.

Of course, this happened when I was in high school. I had fallen for the campus idol, the most in-demand man at school. I can still remember how very breezy I felt when he asked me for the first date.

But then came the break-up—and all because a boy with whom I had gone out before came by to see me. My campus idol happened to see him come to the house and got mad. I wanted to explain the situation and try to get him back, but I knew I had to be very cagey.

Since I had never believed in calling a man, I made no attempt to reach him by phone. Instead, I made it a point to be where I knew he would be. Yet, I wasn't obvious about it because any man hates to feel he's being chased. I tried to be quite normal. I, at the same time, dressed as well as I could and was as attractive as possible.

I finally did meet him. I explained that I hadn't invited

the boy over and that I was sorry he had misunderstood. By this time he had mellowed sufficiently to be able to listen to me logically, and we started going together again.

This was my one and only experience in trying to get a man back, but it did teach me a lot. Not that I'm therefore setting myself up as a final authority on the subject. I'm certainly not. My business is being an actress in such pictures as "Prince Valiant." I am consequently merely stating what my beliefs are on the subject—and if they happen to be applicable—well, that's fine.

When I wanted to get this man back I made one mistake—I didn't ask myself if it was right for us to be together again or not. I wasn't thinking of much else except that I wanted to go out with him again. If this had happened to me later, I'm sure I would have asked myself a lot more questions before making any move. And I think these questions are ones any girl should ask before setting out to win back any man.

I've had broken romances since (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)



"If you can't say, I'm sorry, the romance isn't important," says Janet.



"Tony and I have now found happiness, so I feel strongly about this matter."



Janet, clowning with Don, says problem that caused rift should be discussed.



KEEP IT SIMPLE!

ALAN LADD, IN KEEPING COMPLICATIONS OUT OF CAREER AND HOME LIFE, HAS FOUND PEACE OF MIND, HAPPINESS

by Mary Sherwood

"YOU HEAR a lot about the movies—much of it good, a lot of it bad. But movies have been good enough for me—and movies will be good enough for my children."

This simple and direct statement of one of Hollywood's most simple and direct stars characterizes much of Alan Ladd's sane and sincere philosophy. Like any parent, who wants the best for his offspring, Alan could pay no better tribute to the vocation he chose for himself than that he would like them to follow in his own footsteps!

Yes, those words tell a lot about Alan Ladd—a man who can achieve the top in Hollywood, stay at the top for ten years with no slightest sign of dropping in popularity, and come through all the hurly-burly of filmdom—the fantastic, jittery, up-and-down maelstrom—and still be gracious and grateful enough to say "Hollywood has been very good to me!"

So many other stars have dimmed and vanished like candles in a wind. What is there about Alan Ladd that rises above the rest? He'd tell you himself: *I never let it get me!*

To the Ladds—because to think of Alan is to include Sue Carol as a matter of course—Hollywood and the making of pictures is a business, and they've treated it as such.

They never went overboard. Not in any way. Life is simple, and based on the fundamentals that matter whether you live in California, New York or Europe. In homes all over the world, the father goes to work every day, the mother takes care of the house and the children.

The Ladds have never seen any reason why life in Hollywood should be different. Alan Ladd goes to work at a studio; Sue Carol Ladd plans the dinner, does the marketing, manages the routine of her children, and makes home a pleasant place for a tired husband.

"Everyone has always tossed a lot of words around when it comes to Sue Carol and her place in Alan's life," says one friend.

"The truth of the matter is that *he* says she made him what he is— but *she* says she's just a consultant.

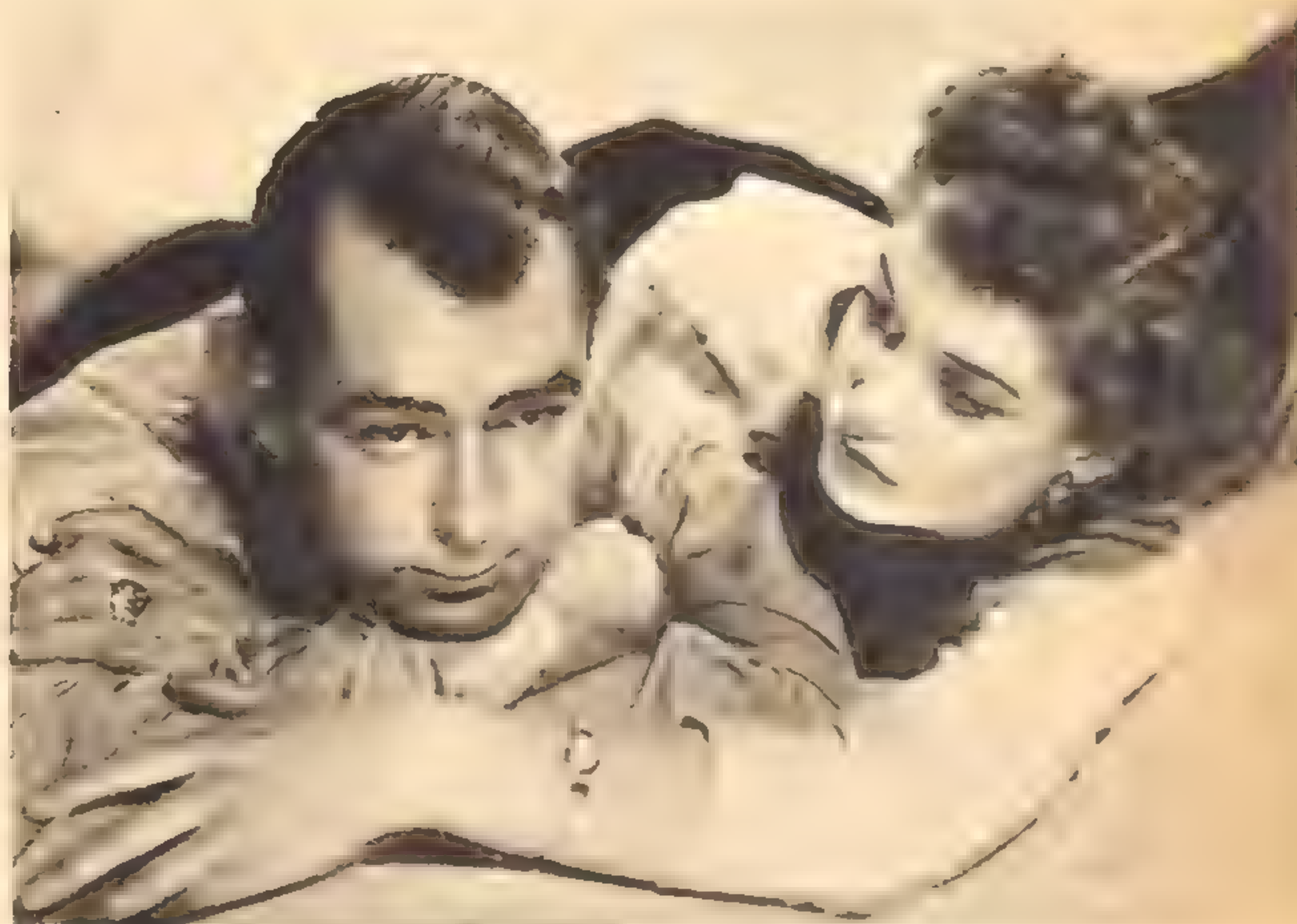
"And that's true! Anyone who thinks Alan Ladd (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



At industry dinner with his wife, Sue. "Hollywood has been very good to me."



At the top for ten years, Alan (with Jane Wyman), has often been honored.



Alan gets involved only on screen as with Susan Stephen in "Paratrooper."

◀ Alan knows sex-appeal by itself means little; it's a way of life that counts.



IT'S TRUE

Rome.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA's Roman countrymen call her a poem in motion. The French call her 5'5", fully-packed figure a *chef d'oeuvre*, a work of art. A young Russian—and to this day nobody knows how he managed to smuggle the letter through the Iron Curtain—wrote "Tzina" Lollobrigida the following: "Siberia is very cold. I long to come to sunny Italy to make your acquaintance. In your presence, I am sure I will never again be cold even in the most freezing temperatures." A 65-year-old Swede, Ernest Lindstrom by name, walked most of the way from Sweden to meet Gina. He made this statement upon his arrival in Rome. "I came to Italy to meet her because I saw her in a picture and for me she is the most beautiful woman in the world. If necessary, I would walk half-way around this globe to be in the same room with her. I must marry her."



"Gina is my wife and I prefer that no man forget it," remarks Dr. Milko Skofic.

Fans from many parts of the world call her "The Golden Bosom" for splendidly-obvious reasons. The *Rome Daily American* refers to her as "sort of a moving version of a historical novel's book jacket." And a Dutch critic, under the kind of extreme emotional duress which often results in a heart attack, ended his praise of her charms with the following comment: "Here is an incomparable package of glorious womanhood. Gina has the urgent physical appeal of Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth and the late Jean Harlow combined with the flawless beauty of a Hedy Lamarr."

Fortunately for 150 million Americans, particularly the masculine half of the population, this tantalizing Roman dish of potent anatomical force, already considered Europe's Queen of Perfect Pulchritude, will be paying our shores a visit around the first of the year. Luscious new star of the Italian cinema, Gina is probably the most perfectly formed creature Europe has ogled since Aphrodite. Her challenge for the title of Number One International Pin-Up Girl is a formidable one. In the six years since this Roman tidbit was chosen Miss Italy, she has become one of Europe's biggest box-office attractions. Having won the French equivalent of the Oscar for the best 1952 performance by a foreign actress, she must be able to act as well as radiate heat. Millions of fans are clamoring for more and more of this fabulous new product Italy is exporting for the edification of filmgoers in every part of the world.

There is no question that her extraordinary (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

"THE WIFE INCARNATE, BEAUTIFUL, APPEALING, ALWAYS FERTILE"—THAT IS THE LUSCIOUS LOLLOBRIGIDA
by Gene Morris

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GINA



Errol Flynn, Gina's vis-a-vis in "Crossed Swords," says, "What a department store! She has everything you want on every floor, and plenty of overstock." To Humphrey Bogart she is "Molten ore. She burns me, burns me. I'm a crisp!"

Starring with Bogey in John Huston's "Beat The Devil," her charms had Huston in poetic rhapsody.





Rocky and their daughter, Maria, visited Gary in Europe, but when they returned home he stayed.

IT DOES SEEM THAT THE TRIANGLE OF ROCKY, GARY AND GISELLE IS OF FAR GREATER IMPORTANCE AND OF DEEPER CONSEQUENCE THAN FIRST SUSPECTED

Paris

EVER since his arrival in France last Spring for the annual Cannes Film Festival, Gary Cooper's private life has been a public football gleefully tossed back and forth among front-page headline writers, tidbit columnists and the international cocktail set.

Is Gary's marriage to his attractive Rocky over after 17 years?

And is it over because of vivacious and popular French film star, Giselle Pascal?

The naked facts which caused a sensation with international journalists and gossip-hungry cosmopolites, and which are provoking deep concern among the vast legion of Cooper fans, are these:

Gary came to Europe in April for an indefinite stay.

Rocky and their 15-year-old daughter, Maria, remained in Hollywood.

Virtually the night Gary arrived, he met Miss Pascal.

From the very beginning, the two spent considerable time together at receptions, restaurants, parties and sightseeing both on the Riviera and in Paris—all of which hundreds of photographers graphically recorded.

Numerous people who saw them together said they were perfectly matched and predicted transatlantic fireworks.

In June, Rocky and Maria suddenly appeared in Paris and an announcement was made that the Cooper family was going on a two-month holiday in Europe. After a good-will tour of major continental cities, the Coopers spent time together at Antibes, Biarritz and other famed resort spots. On her trip, Rocky met hundreds of personalities in the international film set.

But, she never once met Mademoiselle Pascal.

In August, Rocky and Maria were (CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

At Moulin Rouge Ball with Giselle Pascal, French film star.



His wife and daughter did not meet Giselle while in Europe.





Before Gary she had long time romance with prince.



Giselle has a brilliant mind, is athletic, too.

THE ROMANCE OF GARY AND GISELLE

by Henry Kaufman



"Who could be indifferent to his warmth?"



"It was so much fun to show him Paris. Really a big boy, but complete man, too."



by Paul Benedict

PAULETTE'S HAUNTING PAST



Provocative Paulette is currently
in Lippert's "Sins Of Jezebel"
and "Paris Models," Columbia film.



Is Erich Maria Remarque, well-known author, the reason Paulette will spend more time in Europe?



Paulette was once a protege of Charles Chaplin. They kept their marriage a secret for six years.



Surprising as it seems, Paulette now questions legality of her divorce from Burgess Meredith.

HOLLYWOOD HAS ALWAYS KNOWN PAULETTE GODDARD AS A SELF-ASSURED PERSON, BUT NOW IT WONDERS IF SHE IS SO SURE OF HERSELF

PAULETTE GODDARD, once voted possessor of the most beautiful body in the world, is noted in Hollywood as a person whose legal astuteness matches her figure.

Her quiet—and effective—divorce from two former husbands, Charles Chaplin and Burgess Meredith, which caught the film town napping, added to her reputation as an independent, completely self-assured person.

Hollywood was ready to bet its last swimming pool the gorgeous Goddard could take care of any legal situation in which she was involved.

Now it wonders if she is so sure of herself after all.

It is because she is doubting whether her Cuernavaca divorce from her third spouse, Broadway star Burgess Meredith, obtained four long years ago, was strictly on the up-and-up.

Paulette raised the doubt in New York when she recently filed a countersuit in Supreme Court to Meredith's legal demand for a 50-50 split of the \$400,000 of folding money she is said to have earned in California during the five years they were married.

If she wins her action and her divorce is ruled illegal, she will sue Meredith for a new divorce—this time in the United States—and name Broadway dancer, blonde Kaja Sundsten, whom he married in 1950.

The legal situation has for many observers the complications of a French "problem play," but it also has the distinction of an unusually provocative personality in its leading feminine role.

"Buzz" Meredith, in his new courtroom role, contends that the shapely Goddard doesn't have a leg to stand on so far as the validity of the Mexican divorce was concerned, because she "took too long to make up her mind about challenging it."

If the Supreme Court rules in her favor and that Meredith can be "legally stopped" from claiming half her California property, Paulette may quit America and live abroad.

Reports continue that the actress is planning to divide her future residence between London, Paris and Switzerland with occasional visits to New York and Hollywood.

Paulette Goddard, Hollywood remembers, always did like to travel. The film town recalls that she took Chaplin as her second husband in far-off Canton while on a trip around the world. Of course, this time Paulette's desire to live in Europe could be prompted by the fact that Erich Maria Remarque, the well-known author with whom her name has been linked romantically, resides there.

Paulette and Burgess were wed on May 21, 1944, in the garden of the Beverly Hills home of film producer David O. Selznick, and it was (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

**"THERE'S NOTHING
ABOUT MICHAEL I WOULD
CHANGE EXCEPT THAT
I WISH HE WOULDN'T BE
CROSS WITH ME WHEN I'M
LATE," SAYS LIZ**



**"He loves dogs . . . isn't in-
terested in food, parties."**



**"Michael is an omniverous
reader; we're both lazy."**

PORTRAIT

**by
Liz
Taylor**





With George Fisher at formal affair. "Michael hates to put on a dinner jacket, yet has most marvelous disposition."



With her parents, who idolize Michael. "I must be very trying at times, but Michael never lets me feel that I am."

OF MY HUSBAND

WHILE Michael was in England and I was in Hollywood, he painted a portrait of me from a photograph. The picture hangs in our baby's room, and I love it.

Now I shall paint a word-portrait of him:

He is six-foot-one in height; he weighs around 165 pounds. His eyes are blue, an aqua-blue, my favorite color; his hair is brown with a little gray in it—let's call it salt-and-pepper. He's very muscular; I don't mean muscle-bound, but strong and lithe.

He has the world's most marvelous disposition. I must be a very trying person to live with, at times, but Michael never lets me feel that I am. I never flare out at people, but once I let fly at Michael. That was when I came home completely exhausted, knowing we both still had all our packing to do for our trip to England, a thousand nagging errands, and 36 hours before our plane took off. There was Michael in his bathing suit, lying quietly beside the pool.

"Oh, Michael—with all we have to do!" I reproached him. That angel-man gave me a sympathetic smile, jumped up, kissed me and agreed with everything I said so heartily that I found myself laughing.

As to clothes, he's the casual type. He loves blue-

jeans, sports shirts that hang outside, sports jackets, slacks. He hates to put on a dinner jacket, a dress shirt and a black tie. I tell him it's no more trouble to put on a dress shirt than any other kind, and what's so terrible about a dinner jacket? But it's a mental thing with Michael. He thinks he can't tie a bow tie, and that formal clothes are uncomfortable. But when I ask him to, the darling struggles into them, even if he doesn't like it.

Naturally, I dress for Michael. He never goes with me to shop; it wouldn't interest him and he'd be embarrassed; but if I am uncertain whether or not he'll like a dress, I send it home on approval and show it to him. If he doesn't like it, he says so, honestly, and I return it, because, after all, he is the man I wish to please. But if I am really mad for a dress and he says "No," he'll see that I'm disappointed. "Keep it if you like," he'll say, "you are the one who has to wear it." If I keep it, I never put it on when I'm with him.

The first time I saw Michael, I was working with Robert Taylor in a picture we made in England. Michael was doing a film on the same lot. I thought him divine and chased him all over the studio. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

Anne Baxter had a narrow escape while crossing Park Avenue against the traffic lights when her cloth coat billowed out and caught onto a passing car's door handle. Had the garment been heavier she'd have been seriously injured. As it was, her coat was ripped in half and she suffered a few minor bruises on one arm. The shock was enough to force her to cancel a luncheon appointment and return to her hotel to recover from the incident . . .

DESIGNER DON LOPER told such hilarious stories at Bruno's Pen & Pencil Steak House during a dinner party in honor of Hildegard Neff, that the actress had to excuse herself and go to the Powder Room. She split the sides of her dress from laughing and had to have the attendant sew her back into her gown—a Don Loper creation, naturally. Because of a maritime strike, the star of "The Sinner" and "The Man Between" had to go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to sail to Germany on the *Queen Mary*, and left New York one day ahead of schedule. She missed a call from Cole Porter, then in Hollywood, who wanted to sign her for the musical comedy version of "Ninotchka"—the one-time Greta Garbo movie. Hildegard won't return to these shores until late in 1954, but composer Porter has indicated he'll wait for her . . .



After his sensational performances in 20th's "The Robe" and "Demetrius And The Gladiators," Victor Mature, with his wife, left for picture-making in England.

During the Bogart-Bacall sojourn in New York, oldtime pals of Lauren Bacall were amazed at the change that has taken place in the stage struck, ex-usherette they once knew as Betty Bacall. Lauren is now very glamorous, very chic and very difficult to reach even by telephone, so her former friends report. They always knew she was long on talent and full of determination, but to possess a

short memory is something new for her . . .

Marlene Dietrich is the main financial backer of her husband's poultry farm in Southern California. Her Hotel Sands checks in Las Vegas will be made out to "Marlene Seiber"—she's still Mrs. Rudolph Seiber, although up until the time she went to the West Coast to prepare (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Millionaire Shepherd King, at Danny's Hideaway, now likes exotic Nejla Ates.



Rarely seen in the night spots, the Johnny Weissmullers visit the Stork.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Palance have Jack Dempsey as house guest and "trainer."



Conrad Nagel, Dir. Henry Koster, M. C. Maggi McNellis, Mrs. Koster on lobby telecast at the N. Y. premiere of "The Robe."

IF CBS-TV will go for it—and we hope Arthur Godfrey is willing—Ray Bolger's ABC-TV comedy show will be highlighted by a reunion routine, songs and dances, with them both. They appeared together on Broadway in the musical revue, "Three To Make Ready" (Ray was starred, Arthur was among those featured), before Arthur began his rapid climb to fame. Ray would dance, Arthur would sing "The Old Soft Shoe" number from the musical. It's something to look forward to . . .

Marlon Brando has been suggesting designs for the hand-wrought silver jewelry that Wally Cox has been executing in time for Christmas presents. An expert silversmith, Wally's favorite hobby is making costume accessories for his favorite feminine friends, and unusual cufflinks for his male pals. He ran out of ideas, however, and his longtime chum, Marlon, was called in to help with suggestions. For those pieces made by Wally, but designed by Marlon, they'll be signed "W.C./M.B." Collector's items for sure! . . .

Henry Fonda gave up his plans to enter the TV field a la Robert Montgomery—and the latter's sponsors, are now sighing with relief. The Montgomery TV show has little competition, but Henry Fonda on TV, with a similar format, could be considered (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

By MAGGI McNELLIS



LISTENING IN ON WHAT'S
GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES
IN TELEVISION—THE
LATEST NEWS, VIEWS, DOINGS
OF VIDEO PERSONALITIES

Robert Montgomery with his wife and daughter Elizabeth at the Stork Club.

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

CONTINUED

keen rivalry. Fonda, the "Mister Roberts" star, will continue to make guest appearances only—until next September, at least . . .

MILTON BERLE and his fiancée, Ruth Cosgrove, are having a hard time denying the rumors they were secretly married in a Mexican border town last Summer. And, Red and Helayne Buttons are giggling at

niversary, Jack Benny has ordered a 60-carat sapphire ring for his beloved Mary Livingstone and the presentation takes place Valentine's Day—they were wed February 14, 1927. Why 60 carats instead of 27? That's because February 14th will also be Jack's 60th birthday. Luckily for Mary, she knows he isn't "39" . . .

Imogene Coca's husband, Bob Burton, presented her with a new French poodle as a surprise gift, but Bob got a bigger surprise the same day—three

Angora kittens named "Put," "Tee" and "Tat." The new canine has been named "Coo" and follows Imo everywhere she goes but growls at Bob, if he doesn't call him by name first . . .

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson have given their oldest son, David, the "go ahead" signal to prepare for a career in law. He'll remain with the Nelson TV show until the Summer of 1955, then withdraw from the program. Brother Ricky will remain with Ozzie and Harriet, of course, and young Rick



James Daly, new star of "Foreign Intrigue," checks European location sites on map with Sheldon Reynolds, the producer.



Milton Berle and fiancée, Ruth Cosgrove, with Joey Adams at Danny's Hideaway, have hard time denying secret marriage.

the separation reports. If anything, his TV success has insured his marriage—he was always a worrier about not being the Great Big Provider. They couldn't be happier, insists Red . . .

You haven't seen anything until you've gotten a look at Jackie Gleason sporting a pair of Bermuda length shorts—they come just above his knees—and in pale blue flannel! He's adopted this version of tropical attire for his "at home" hours, complete with matching smoking jacket . . .

Video Vensuses who are gracing your TV sets with bright highlights in their hair are now being called "Sunshine Girls"—that's what hair stylist Michel of Paris names those jewel-tone streaks in TV tresses these days—"Sunshine!" . . .

IT'S SUPPOSED to be a surprise and we hate to have to reveal it first (who sez?), but for their 27th wedding an-



Florence Pritchett, of "Leave It To The Girls," at gala party celebrating the show's return to television, in the Gold Room of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel.



Eloise McElhone and Maggi McNellis with their mates, William Warwick and Clyde Newhouse, are happy foursome

at the soiree given by Martha Rountree, "Leave It To The Girls" producer, for cast and friends after premiere show.

has his future career already planned. He wants to remain an actor . . .

LU ANN SIMMS has decided against tackling long sessions with her dentist in order to have her teeth capped. She'll wait until a later date, or, as it is expected in video circles, until she answers the call of Hollywood, two or three years hence (*with Arthur Godfrey's blessings, naturally*) . . .

Eve Arden and her actor-husband, Brooks West, may adopt another child within the next six months. It will be an American-born youngster, and not an orphan in Germany as has been erroneously reported elsewhere . . .

Rosemary Clooney lost out on a TV series when word got around that she and Jose Ferrer were awaiting their firstborn. Both Rosie and Joe denied they had a date with the stork, but admitted they (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



Maggi watches Martha Rountree open a gift she received at the "Leave It To The Girls" party. Maggi acts as moderator on the popular television show.



Fashion à la carte

Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander, featured dancers on NBC-TV "Show Of Shows," at Sardi's. Bambi wears G. C. MURPHY Co. dress for junior sizes. \$7.88.

Hildegarde Neff (*right*) stars in "The Man Between" and "The Sinner." She wears rayon taffeta dress from GRANT'S. About \$14 in red, slate blue, black.

Hildegarde Neff and Mike O'Shea at Bruno's Pen and Pencil. Mike's on ABC-Radio and TV. Hildegarde wears McLELLAN'S jewel-trimmed cardigan, \$3.98.





Fashion à la carte (CON'T)

Georgiann Johnson and Tony Randall teamed as husband and wife on NBC-TV "Mr. Peepers," at Danny's Hideaway. Georgiann models dress from GRANT'S with jersey top and moire-faille skirt. Under \$18.

Mike Wallace and his wife, Buff Cobb, busy with TV and radio, on one of their rare free evenings. Buff wears Lydella Fashion with jersey top, patent leather-print cotton skirt. GRANT'S. Under \$18.



RITA MAY NOT LOOK
LIKE A "HOME-AND-FIRESIDE GIRL,"
BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SHE IS

MR. and MRS. DICK HAYMES of Connecticut

by Ronald Rattigan



The happy Haymes family—Dick, Rebecca, Rita and Yasmin. In the Nutmeg state they hope to live without fanfare and enjoy a normal routine.

DICK HAYMES packed up all his troubles in his old valise when he married ravishing Rita Hayworth.

No longer is the crooner, who a few short months ago was really Mr. Trouble, himself, singing the "Deportation Blues" or "I Got Plenty Of Nothin'."

With the fabulous redhead as his happy bride he's letting the world go hang.

Those back income taxes, the alimony demands of previous wives, the regiment of ever-eager creditors hovering over him? They're minor headaches now to a man whose torrid romance with the movie queen has been climaxed by a trip to the altar and a mutual resolve that this—the fourth marriage for each—will be their last. Even the threat of deportation to his native Argentina, because he allegedly violated the McCarran Act when he flew to see Rita in Hawaii last Summer, holds no fear for Dick.

"I'll follow Dick anywhere on earth," Rita declares. "Our careers

will never separate us. Nothing will ever separate us."

Up in the hills above Greenwich, Conn., the Gothic country home with swimming pool and private lake the two have rented for the modest price of \$450 a month, represents, they are sure, the "happy ending" neither ever found with previous spouses.

Rita will vary her life as a Connecticut housewife, accompanying Dick on his night club tours. If, as happened recently in Philadelphia, he cuts short an engagement because Uncle Sugar wants to attach his salary for back income taxes, it merely means for them hopping a plane to some other town out of a particular state's jurisdiction.

As for Rita, her movie contract has less than two years to run. She plans to visit Hollywood once a year for picture making. After that—well, she just hasn't decided about her career.

It may well be that Rita, now 34, will settle permanently for quiet

and exclusive country domesticity.

She is, basically, "a home-and-fireside girl" as her attorney Bartley C. Crum, of 39 Broadway, once told Prince Aly Khan, her playboy third husband.

Aly's retort—"but she doesn't look like a home-and-fireside girl"—was one that might have occurred to many men who have glimpsed her in the flesh or on the screen.

That Crum wasn't talking idly is proved by their reported simple life in Greenwich. There Rita is very much the wife-and-mother, reading stories to Yasmin, her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter by Aly, and Rebecca, eight, offspring of her marriage to Orson Welles, combing their braids at bedtime, mending their clothes.

At the same time she is attentive to the new man in her home.

The 35-year-old Dick, on his part, is enjoying a triumph in his new role of stepfather. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

WHENEVER you analyze a success story you can't help being impressed with the fact that nice things like success don't just "happen." They're almost always the result of careful planning and preparation. The wonderful success of Columbia's young May Wynn is a perfect example of the sort of thing we mean. May has "arrived"—she's the only young girl in "The Caine Mutiny"—playing with a cast that includes some of the biggest male heart-throbs in Hollywood. But all this didn't happen overnight. May had a plan and she followed it—to stardom. So, when *you* want to "star" for your own "public," take a tip from May and make yourself a plan to lead you to a success of your own.

Planning for beauty-wise success is really a three-part procedure. First come the essentials for cleanliness, second are the basic preparations

The frequent use of a brand new, especially formulated leg lotion helps Columbia's May Wynn cut down on stocking runs.



FORMULA FOR PERFECTION



May knows that all-over cleanliness is the first and most important of several steps necessary in a true beauty's routine.

for skin-preservation and improvement, and last but far from least, the glamourizers. You can't skimp on any one of the three if you're really sincere about wanting to achieve greater loveliness.

Taking first things first, let's start off by considering the problem of cleanliness. No, it's not just a question of taking enough hot baths. You could bathe twice a day and accomplish almost nothing if you forget to use soap and a good brush—or worse still, you could roughen your skin to an appalling extent by just being careless about the kind of soap you *did* use. What you obviously need then is a good soap, plus a good brush, plus a special cleanser to deal firmly with trouble spots. Choosing your soap is easy enough because you know you're safe if you just play "copy-cat" and use Lux the way so many stars do. It's hard-milled, you know, and was designed to pamper delicate complexions. You'll like the fragrance too. The question of what kind of a brush to use is a little harder to answer. Ideally, you should

HERE IS A PLAN TO HELP YOU ACHIEVE THE REWARD OF GREATER LOVELINESS

By Elizabeth Lapham

have three brushes; a long-handled bath brush, a nail brush, and a complexion brush. Prophylactic brushes come in all three varieties and more shapes and sizes than you can imagine. You'll undoubtedly like some better than others because they are planned to suit individual preferences. The important thing is that they are superior tools capable of making a thorough job of banishing grime and scurf skin. Your next requirement in the cleanliness department is some means of dealing with blackheads, and with those roughened areas that almost everyone has on elbows and heels. For these Helena Rubinstein has concocted Beauty Washing Grains—a friction wash that leaves you glowing. The formula is composed of tiny granules that you put to work with a minimum of water, and massage into trouble spots. Once your skin is in condition you'll only need the Beauty Washing Grains about twice a week, but it's a good idea to use them for daily treatments in the beginning.

Lest you think that's enough of a sequence to follow for perfect-cleanliness, we'd better remind you right here and now that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)

Just a slight touch of the right perfume adds the final filip to our beauty's "formula for perfection."





Giselle Pascal, French screen favorite, with Henry Kaufman, is greeted by members of the International Catholic Film Society at reception in Paris.

THE ROMANCE OF GARY AND GISELLE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

scheduled to go back to Hollywood.

They were scheduled to go alone. Gary was staying in Europe, and no one knew for how long.

These are the facts. What do they add up to? Is it only circumstantial evidence which, when examined carefully, will prove absolutely nothing beyond a harmless friendship between a lonely man and a charming woman? Or do they clearly indicate after meticulous analysis that, sad as it will make their host of friends, Gary and Rocky are at the end of the line after 17 years of going it together? And that as soon as Rocky painfully steps off, Miss Pascal will jump on?

For a proper perspective on this puzzling situation, we must first get an answer to one question.

Just who is Giselle Pascal?

It is true that it would make news if Gary were seen in public with just *any* girl. But is Giselle Pascal just *any* girl?

Definitely not!

She is unquestionably a woman to be reckoned with in *every* department—brains, beauty, education, chic and talent. She's an outstanding athlete—even flies her own plane. Probably 30 now and not too well known as a film star beyond the borders of France, she had a great romance for seven years with Rainier III, the reigning prince of the Principality of Monaco. For three of those years, because of her devotion to the Prince, she retired from films to shelter him from criticism from die-hards who muttered darkly about the bond between his Royal Person and "that film actress." The couple's eventual hope was to be married once opposition diminished. Last year, the Prince was prepared to risk everything to marry Giselle, but she, afraid that one day he might resent what might develop into another Wally Simpson-Duke of Windsor drama, refused to accept him. With an admirable display of will power, she turned her back on him forever and brought their romance to an end.

And then, as everyone now knows, the French girl who won the love of a prince met a box-office king in Cannes. What in Gary obviously appealed to Miss Pas-

cal? And what in her obviously appealed to Gary? I made it a point to find out.

I met Giselle Pascal for the first time at a crowded reception being given in Paris to honor her film, "Horizons Without End," which had been awarded a prize by the International Catholic Film Society. She was even lovelier than her photographs—a warm, charming and beautifully-poised young lady. She was tall, slender, graceful as a reed; impeccably gowned in a smart but simple creation of tea-rose colored satin which she wore under a black silk moire coat which billowed to the floor. A tight crop of short brown curls circled her sun-bronzed face on which there was hardly a trace of make-up.

I watched her receive person after person with remarkable self-assurance, imparting a genuine feeling of appealing sincerity to everyone who approached her. I felt it very strongly when we chatted for a moment and when she pleasantly agreed to a rendezvous at her Paris apartment the next day to talk privately. As I admired her, I kept thinking to myself: how interesting that the fumbling, awkward, shy but perceptive Gary should be attracted to such an assured and sophisticated woman.

My first glimpse of Mademoiselle Pascal as she ran out of her lovely garden apartment the next day with a greeting astonished me. Here was a completely different aspect of her personality, a complete antithesis to the worldly sophisticated woman I met the afternoon before. Garbed in a plain but chic pink frock of cotton and flat green slippers, her scrubbed shiny face bearing a radiant smile, she was a simple, lighthearted and endearing gazelle. She looked no more than 20 to me, and there was something very American, almost tom-boy, about her. How refreshing, I thought, after some of the high-powered, highly-perfumed European film stars I had met. It was already clear to me why Gary found this piquant French girl so intriguing.

In the best American tradition, Miss Pascal offered me a highball, sat down beside me with a cigarette, and took a

slow sip from her drink. She knew that I wanted to talk about Gary, and came straight to the point without making it necessary for me to pry.

"In French we say very simply, *beaucoup de bruit pour rien*, a lot of noise about nothing," she began. "The newspapers, particularly the French ones, have played up our friendship to such proportions that the whole thing has alarmed me. I like Gary. Of course I do. He's one of the most charming men I've ever known anywhere. Who could be indifferent to his warmth, his kindness, his simplicity and that smile? Though many don't think so because he is slow, he is intelligent as he is sensitive. He has many qualities I find appealing; a sense of humor and great understanding being two of them."

Before continuing, she threw her long athletic legs over the arm of her chair and puffed at her cigarette. "That I admire Gary Cooper the actor, that I find him pleasing as a man, yes, yes, certainly. Why deny it? Or why deny that we enjoy each other's company? It was so much fun for me to show him Paris. He's really such a big boy as well as a complete man. He has such enthusiasm. I like people with enthusiasm."

I asked her to give me the real facts on their meeting.

"It was an accident," she began. "They were looking for a French actress to sit beside Gary at the official dinner, and just by chance, I was selected. I was thrilled, *mais oui*. Name one woman in her right mind, from the age of eight to eighty, who wouldn't jump at the chance to spend an evening next to this idol of movie idols.

"After the dinner was over Gary asked me to join some of his American friends for some dancing. Naturally, everywhere Gary went, the photographers went, snapping pictures of us. After that, we spent quite a bit of time together at Cannes—you know, dinners, receptions and all that sort of thing."

I reminded her that they were also seen together quite a bit in Paris.

"That's true," she replied quickly. "I had to return to Paris to prepare for a new picture. Gary had to come back to receive one of the several awards being given by the French film industry for the best international film performances given during the year." Giselle suddenly threw back her head and laughed. "I have a very amusing story to tell you about Gary," she said. "Do you want to hear it?" I said of course I did.

"Gary speaks practically no French and understands even less," she started. "The night these prizes were awarded, I was sitting beside him. Everybody was hanging on every word, and when his award for 'High Noon' was announced, there were wild cheers and tremendous applause. I was so busy applauding that I didn't bother to look at Gary. Then, I turned to congratulate him and to my horror I realized that Gary was beaming and applauding just as he had for all the others. I frantically whispered to him to stop applauding for himself. When he understood, he turned red as a ripe French tomato. Though Gary was terribly em-

barrassed, it really was so wonderfully charming and nobody minded." She laughed again at the memory, but it was a laughter born from warm understanding and not derision.

Then suddenly her whole mood changed. Her sparkling eyes became serious and she fixed her gaze directly on me.

"There is absolutely no romance between Gary Cooper and me. There could not be. He has a lovely wife. I haven't met her, but everybody says she is lovely. He has a daughter of whom he is extremely proud. I did meet Maria and with tremendous pleasure. Gary and I are friends, good friends, I hope. But there is no romance." She spoke the words slowly, meaningfully.

I demanded to know if a romance would be possible if Gary were *not* married.

Miss Pascal was startled by the question. She looked away from me for a moment and there was a pause. Then, speaking softly, she said, "I just don't know what to say. I've never thought about it. But I guess I could not absolutely dismiss the possibility of a romance with Gary if he were not married. Who knows what the future will bring? Or what will happen in life? Or what the heart will want?"

Who knows what the future will bring? Does Gary? Or Rocky?

I saw Gary and Rocky in Rome, where Gary was the recipient of one of the greatest public ovations ever accorded a visiting movie star. Both looked wonderful, and publicly, at least, seemed as happy and gay as newlyweds.

But close friends have known for years that their marriage has been hovering near divorce and that both of them have been profoundly distressed by it. Three important factors have so far kept it going: their great love for Maria, their deeply-rooted religious faith, and the respect they have for one another. Some of these friends explain that though Gary and Rocky desperately want to bring contentment and peace to the other, Hollywood life has somehow wrung the meaning out of their marriage. They explain further that Rocky's coming to Europe had been planned long before the Cooper-Pascal headlines began, as a sort of trial vacation to restore that indescribable essence which marriage needs for success.

Did their experiment work? Probably not. Will another effort be made for the sake of Maria? Everybody hopes so. If not, is there a place for Giselle Pascal in Gary Cooper's life? The French actress refuses to rule it out specifically, and though Gary also insists that he and Miss Pascal are just good friends, he too has made it a point not to commit himself irrevocably on the possibility of a more meaningful relationship between them.

At this crucial point, none of the three principals in this human drama has an inflexible idea as to what the outcome will be. Or where the flights of the heart will take them.

Gary, Rocky and Giselle are three intelligent human beings. Each has the good sense to know that life must very often be a compromise. Each is prepared to accept the final decision with the hope that it will bring happiness to all. **END**

charming and sweet, you hate *yourself* for having questioned her motives!"

She has a quiet way of getting her way. She got her way and separated the team of Doris Day and Gordon MacRae, when she made "April In Paris" with Ray Bolger. When she and her former favorite dance director, LeRoy Prinz, disagreed on a dance, they shot the number her way when she returned to the studio—several days later. Jack Donohue, who is her *current* favorite dance director, will direct her next in "Lucky Me."

Rumors to the contrary, she insists there was never a feud with Gordon MacRae. His nonchalant indifference on their sets was obviously annoying, especially to her. But even when he played golf on his lunch hour and held up production, instead of telling him off, she told him nothing. Instead, she sent word to the front office.

For her next picture, she thought, it would be nice to have a *tall* leading man "for a change." When they cast her in "Calamity Jane," the studio asked to borrow Howard Keel from MGM—and got him. Several months later, Gordon asked for his release from Warner Bros. and got what he wanted, too. She still insists there was no Day-MacRae feud!

Her reluctance to give her own time for benefits and other worthy causes, makes her a target for criticism. She has her reasons, that perfectionist bugaboo for one, which makes impromptu singing next to impossible. On one occasion she did agree to appear, but everyone waited in vain. One side says it was deliberate. Her side insists there was a misunderstanding and she wasn't notified. It's certainly possible.

Her change in attitude and personality stems from her third marriage, studio associates insist. What is considered to be a "hands off" attitude on the part of Marty Melcher, is a constant source of annoyance. General instructions are always to "clear through Marty" on anything pertaining to Doris. He is her manager; her brilliant career and her great new contract (*they say he'll produce her pictures*) are the direct results of his efforts and wisdom. At any rate, something or someone has obviously influenced a basically friendly and expansive person.

Hollywood doesn't like Doris Day because in remaining remote and dispassioned from a great industry and its people, her sense of loyalty seems to have become remote, too. In return for the greatest rewards a town can offer a stranger at the gates, time, talent and all-out interest should be reasonably available. Or so it's generally believed by those who add up the score.

MEG MORGAN

What Hollywood Likes About Doris Day!

Hollywood likes Doris Day because she's never gone Hollywood. She's retained her original warmth and enthusiasm, there isn't a neurotic bone in her body, she'd rather laugh than eat and she loves to eat! She's perfect proof that it's possible to remain soft and feminine and still acquire Hollywood fame, fortune and happiness—without resorting to ex-

WHAT THEY LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT DORIS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

and inconsistent. She's the one who makes or breaks the rules. *Her* rules.

Her personal publicists rarely know where they stand, or what stand to take. They can't keep up with her taboos. Like the time she decided, "pictures in bathing

suits are undignified, unless you're on a beach." Like another time, she said: "interviewers have over-publicized my marriage. Magazines have used too many home-sittings and pictures illustrating my personal life. I don't want any more."

All future requests, therefore, had to be refused. Editors fussed and writers fumed. But when the family was offered a weekend in Las Vegas in exchange for a layout of publicity pictures, she had a change of heart and mind. They not only posed all over the place, she posed in a bathing suit, too! Weeks went by before her studio succeeded in pacifying the injured parties and smoothing down ruffled feelings of those who believed they had been "taken." In the midst of the chaos, guess *who* couldn't have been more surprised!

Her friendships are flexible. She waxes warm and ingratiating, then suddenly without provocation (*or so it seems*) she transports herself into another world. Says a prominent actor who's worked with her in pictures and on radio and who knows: "Doris Day is wonderful—when you can reach her. But sometimes she's so pre-occupied she doesn't even know you're there. She'll dash into her dressing room, slam the door and you wonder what's got into her. Several minutes later she's so



One moment Doris is warm and ingratiating; the next she's in another world.

hibitionism, or hitting the hot headlines.

Because she likes the role of Doris Day better than any she's played on the screen, she insists on remaining "in character" in her private life. Photographers try to trick her into sexy poses. Salesladies try to plunge her into plunging necklines. Publicity men try to change her into a glamour girl. "Are YOU kidding!" she exclaims, affixing each with a pair of beady blues. Utter disbelief is in her voice. They stop trying.

She doesn't enjoy drinking or smoking, so she doesn't indulge. However, guests in her home are offered stimulating liquid refreshment and cigarettes. She has a terrific sense of humor, but off-color stories to her, are completely humorless. Steve Cochran knows. He told one on the set once and for a second or two he thought he was in—Alaska!

She never gossips, but being a woman and therefore only human, she'll listen to it in much the curious manner a small girl listens to a fairy tale. She avoids Hollywood parties and because she has no set circle of glamorous friends, stories about other actresses intrigue her. "Some day," she sums it up kiddingly, "I must learn to behave like a movie star!"

Whether she's out in public or at home rearranging the furniture, she's so scrubbed looking her intimates refer to her as "Miss Sparkle Plenty." She's a sweater girl who likes to wear sweaters and not because she thinks *you'll* like what she does to a sweater. She doesn't know the Joneses, but refuses to keep up with anyone but the Marty Melchers. They only have one servant, so everyone pitches in and helps. "But what will people think?" an executive once asked her. "I can't be bothered," she answered, "besides, I don't know—people!"

She knows that according to Hollywood standards, she isn't a beauty. "Anyway," she says, "if *nothing* comes out from within a girl has *nothing*!" If Hollywood cameramen didn't scream their heads off she'd go without make-up and show her freckles. She likes her natural looks and because she thinks it's a sin to go against nature, she never tries to improve on it. When a famous artist pleaded to paint her portrait, instead of swooning in typical fashion, she switched: "But I already know what I look like and if I forget—I can always go to the movies!"

She loves singing, acting and making recordings, but if her success depended on driving ambition—she'd be the most successful *failure* in Hollywood! Scoring

in volley ball excites her ego more than seeing her name in lights. She'd rather putter in her garden than flutter at a Hollywood premiere. Rather than bask in the spotlight, she prefers to bathe in the sun. Because she started out as a teenage bandsinger, says she: "If I never see the inside of a night club again, it will be too soon!"

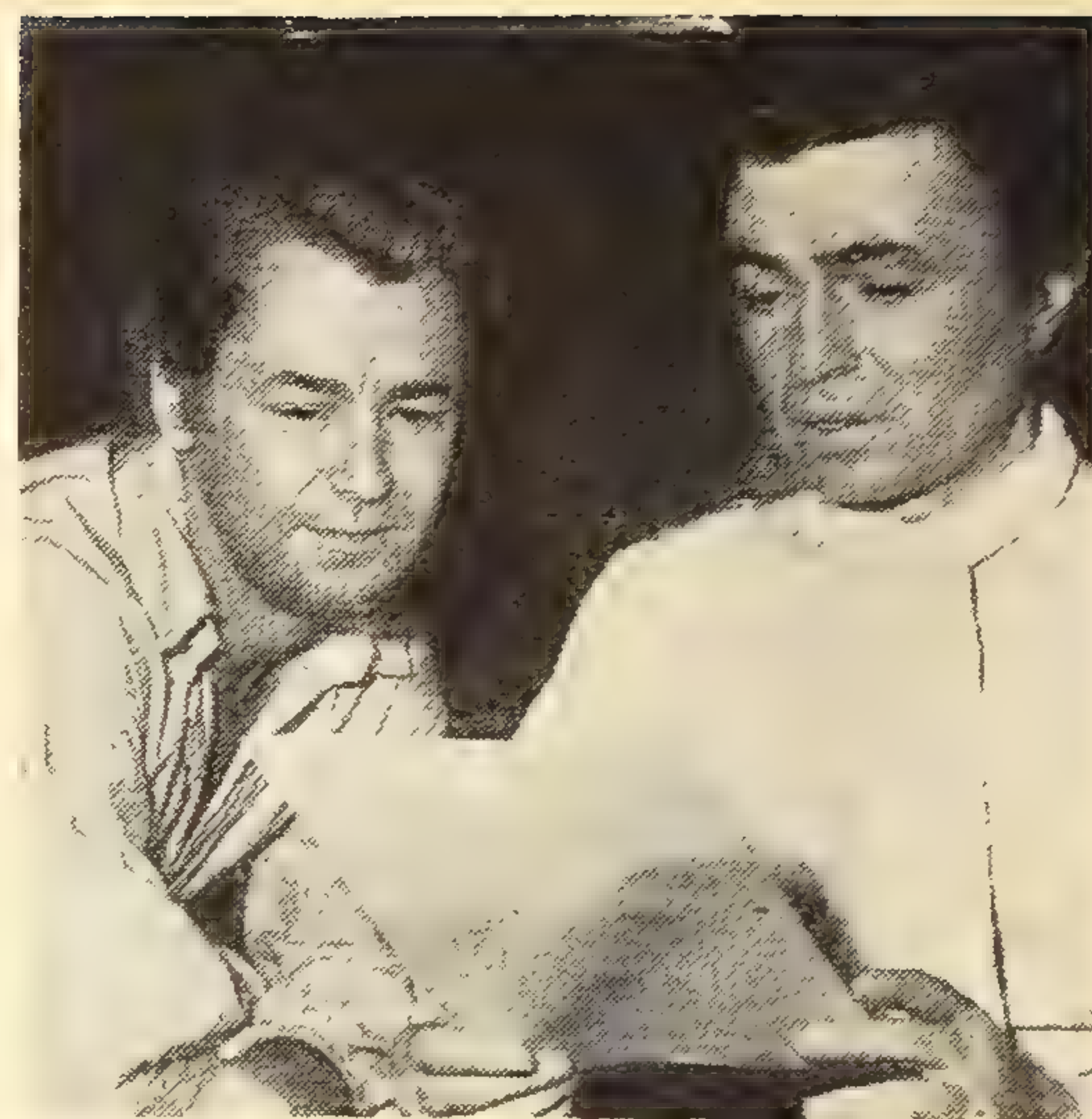
As far as she is concerned, each person is entitled to live as he likes, think what he thinks and work out his own salvation in his own way. As far as she is concerned about *herself*, she believes negative thoughts produce negative results. Or in other words, "We create our own problems when we don't think objectively." She believes that pressure is something that should start and end in a fireless cooker!

Like that time she was about to do a dramatic scene for "Calamity Jane." Director David Butler cautioned her: "Now don't be nervous, Doris." She smiled back at him and quietly answered, "I'm never nervous. Nothing is *that* important. If I weren't happy and relaxed in my work, I'd stay home and plant petunias." She would, too, because staying home with her husband, son and pet pooches, is what she does most and loves best.

She doesn't consider herself a fatalist, but at the same time she works on the theory that, "if something is going to happen, it *will*. There's nothing one can do about it, but hang on tight and believe it will all work out." And for her it always does! She's amused and therefore amazed when she hears another actress carrying on because she lost a role. To her, a role in a picture is like a bus—"if you miss one another will come along eventually and take you to the same place. So why make yourself miserable?"

She rarely attends her own previews, but not for lack of interest. For one thing, flattery embarrasses her and the usual back-slappers who congregate in theatre lobbies on preview nights, she can "live without just fine." She's never seen at smart fashion shows and never misses a month-end sale at Saks Wilshire. She always buys the best because, "good things like good people not only wear better, they last longer."

Hollywood likes Doris Day because she has the courage of her convictions and nothing could ever influence her to be anything but "herself"—which is a very individual self. In a town that needs representation, she's one of the most representative of all. —TOM CARLSON



Alan Ladd and James Mason study lines for scene in the thrilling "Botany Bay."

tirely simple and clear-cut to Alan and Sue. If you have it, you help others; if you don't have it, you work hard to get it. Left over from Alan's poverty-stricken childhood is a sort of fear of losing money—to this day, he hates to carry much with him.

The Ladds' household is overflowing with love, affection and fun. Perhaps it is this wonderful, natural, complete family life, more than anything else, which has kept Alan Ladd at the top for ten years. After the world of daily make-believe at the studio, what better adjustment could any man have than a pleasant home, a poised and gracious wife, and his well-behaved children?

With only five weeks to transport his family to England for the shooting of "Paratrooper," there was never any question of leaving the children behind.

"We're too close a family to be apart," says Sue Carol Ladd with a smile. "If anyone isn't home for dinner, the house seems incomplete—and Alan and I so rarely have outside social engagements that the children are actually insulted if we have to be away for just an evening. Obviously, we couldn't think for a minute of going to England and leaving the kids behind!"

In England or Hollywood, the Ladds are just the same. Except that in England the children learned more history and the realization that there are other ways of life than their own. The older Ladds are as uncomplicated as ever—and making friends right and left in their temporary home.

Life as a whole is simple to them, and even more than that, the things which go to make up life are equally simple. Romance, to Alan Ladd, consists of the woman who has gone forward with him to success, step by step.

Success, itself, has been a simple thing to Alan Ladd, because he never took it big. He likes dogs; he has dogs in his home. He likes children; he has children—and while the girls may go to private school, "Public school is best for boys," he says, firmly.

Always he and his wife have understanding—for people and things . . . and situations. Like the time when Alan wasn't working in a picture, and his

KEEP IT SIMPLE!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

isn't the boss of his own home in every way is way off the beam! It happens that Alan hates talking on the phone," he finishes, "so Sue takes most of the calls—and right away everyone thinks she runs him!"

Probably one secret of the happy married life of the Ladds is that they never let life get too big for them. They keep it

simple, with no undue complications.

Their budget includes countless small charities, so many little "helping hand" anonymous gifts to people less fortunate than themselves, that oddly enough, it's quite possible that one of Hollywood's top stars doesn't have enough money for his own *expensive* pleasure.

The fundamental things of life are en-



Ginger Rogers and husband, Jacques Bergerac, were a May-December union.

how . . ."

The Ladds' idea of marriage is for husband and wife to be together. When there are children they are a part of the home, too. For a long while, until the Ladds found their permanent home and Sue had to superintend the details, they lunched together every day.

Like any good wife, it is Mrs. Ladd who carries out, personally, such details as moving, furnishing, sending the children to bed and transporting the whole family to a foreign country to be with her husband.

She likes it that way—and so does he. Why is Alan Ladd still on top after ten years in a cut-throat, hazardous business which is founded on the whims of everyone from employer to movie patron?

Because he knows that sex-appeal doesn't mean very much by itself; it has to be a part of an entire home and way of life. Because continuity, stability, achievement are more than words to him.

These, to Alan Ladd, are the realities of life. The make-believe world only enables him the better to enjoy his realities—and his realities have been so satisfying that he can say, with truth, "The film business has been good to me. I couldn't ask anything better for my children!"

END

young daughter soberly refused her pocket money because "we must economize until you get another job."

There's the simplicity of emotion which can make a man, noted for his "tough guy" roles, shed a few genuine tears when a favorite dog dies . . . whose idea of marriage and a wife are based on a mother "who always pulled us through some-

HOLLYWOOD FACTS OF LIFE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

had added to the family nursery already holding sons Robert, Jr., and John.

August 23 will be the day celebrated by the second son, fifth child, born to Charles Chaplin and Oona O'Neil. The Chaplins are living in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Taryn Stephanie was the name selected by Linda Christian and Tyrone Power for their second daughter, born on September 13. Romina had a word for her new sister: "Pooty"—a reference to the young lady's lovely face.

As this report goes to press, Robert Newton and Vera Budnick are checking every flight for arrival of their first, and waiting around the same airport are Nancy Olson and Jay Lerner in anticipation of their second. Not far away are the Dean Martins, also hoping to acquire No. 2 to round out the family quartet.

Due at the sunset of 1953 is No. 1 for Patrice Wymore and Errol Flynn, and No. 1 for Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford. A second child for Patti Behrs and John Derek is just getting ready to round home plate.

Probably the most elated of all anticipators for early 1954 is Joe E. Brown, who will become a grandfather twice in February. Daughters Mary and Kathryn, married in a double wedding in February 1953, are vying for the honor of naming the first grandson after the beloved comedian and No. 1 alumnus of UCLA.

Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea will be dueting lullabies during 1954, and unconfirmed rumors suggest that, late in the

year, Brahms will be of interest to Lana and Lex Barker, Rita and Dick Haymes.

Because bitter and sweet were born twins, there were some tragedies. The Barry Sullivans lost their expected third child on May 4, and the second son (*third child*) of Barbara Britton and Dr. Eugene Czukur lived only two days in June. In July, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis were heartsick when the stork cancelled his February date with them, but they were assured by doctors that they might confidently pin their hopes (*and eventually diapers*) on the future.

No recap of 1953 would be complete without a record of some of the more serious aspects of Hollywood life. There was Vivien Leigh's tragic emotional breakdown in March which forced her to relinquish her role in "Elephant Walk" and fly home to England. Fortunately she made a quick and complete recovery and returned to the London stage in October, co-starring with her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Sleeping Prince," their Coronation year production.

June Haver left Hollywood in February to enter a convent in Kansas preparatory to becoming a nun. However, the rigid and strenuous convent life proved too much for June's health, and in October she returned to her mother's home in Hollywood to regain her strength and ponder the delicate decision of her future.

On the lighter side of life, the kid with the mischievous grin and a quiver full of arrows could have made Mona Lisa seem

a slouch in the enigmatic department during 1953. What love was up to, this year, was strictly a puzzlement.

Firstly, you might say love was a puzzlement to little Pier Angeli who started the year so in love with Kirk Douglas, and ended in disillusionment. Though still fond of Pier, Kirk realizes the age difference between them is a great barrier. But more than that, Kirk is a very experienced sophisticate whose flirtations on two continents must have made Pier realize there could never be anything between them. Still picture-making in Europe, Kirk, like the proverbial sailor, has had a girl in every capital.

Another puzzlement, this time to Hollywood, is the Marilyn Monroe-Joe DiMaggio thing. Speculation continued all year as to whether or not they are married, and just not telling. Married or not, Marilyn certainly deserves the year's prize for garnering the most publicity and for showing the world she can act, too, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Hollywood—preferring a white satin wedding above all other fetes—had to content itself with but two, yet these were transcendently lovely, sweetly solemn, and blessed with the likelihood of permanence. Flickerdom's favorite bachelor girl, Ann Blyth, became the bride of Dr. James V. McNulty (*Dennis Day's brother*) on June 27, and brilliant newcomer John Ericson took Milly Coury as his bride on September 12, 1953.

Probably the two most photographed weddings of the year were those of Lana Turner and Lex Barker in Turin, Italy, on September 7, and of Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes in Las Vegas on September 24.

However, the favorite romantic device of the year was the secret wedding. In June, Canadian actress Alexia Baycon, 21, revealed that she and Alexander Korda, 59, had been married in May.

Also in June, Ethel Merman and Robert Six announced that they had been married on March 9 in Mexicali.

On June 11, British actress Audrey Dalton and UCLA student James Brown confided to friends that they had been married since January, but the best kept secret of all was that of Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford who announced on September 17, 1953, that they had been married since June 16, 1951.

Further activities on the romantic front consisted of Peggy Lee's marrying Brad Dexter on January 4, then filing suit for divorce from him on September 24.

Grant Withers (*once wed to Loretta Young*) married Estala Rodriguez (*known professionally as Estelita*) on January 31 in Reno.

The Valentine month witnessed the marriage, on the 7th, of Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac in Palm Springs, and Valentine's Day was a gala event in the life of Joe E. Brown when he gave away two daughters in marriage. Mary Elizabeth-Ann married Stephen Fair, Jr., and Kathryn Frances married Armond Lloyd Lisle. The weddings were celebrated at a high nuptial mass at St. Martin of Tours church.

On February 20, Dee Hartford (*real*

name: Donna Higgins) married Howard Hawks and sailed to France for a continental honeymoon, and on April 20, Donald O'Connor passed out cigars to celebrate the "arrival" of a new father because his mother, Mrs. Effie O'Connor, had become the bride of Earl C. Kincaid.

The merry month of May was made merrier by liltin' Martha Tilton who chose the 3rd as date, Las Vegas as place for her marriage to test pilot Jim Brooks. On the 4th, in London, Robert Donat married Renee Asherson.

On May 22, Mary Anderson and celebrated cameraman Leon Shamroy chose Tucson, Arizona, as the scene of their wedding.

In June, Jeanne Cagney and Jack Morrison were married at the Village Church of Westwood, David May (*Ann Rutherford's ex*) and Rita Rend, who is Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy's daughter, were married in Reno, Nevada; Frank Borzage and Juanita Scott were married in Las Vegas on the 16th, and on June 1, Gloria De Haven and Martin S. Kimmel were married in Pittsburgh. Lina Romay finished the month in a flourish by marrying Jay Gould III, grandson of the railroad tycoon.

July was another month during which picture personalities made nuptial news throughout the world like this:

July 13, in Durant, Oklahoma, Rosemary Clooney married Jose Ferrer.

July 14, in the Little Brown Church in The Valley (*San Fernando*), Coleen Gray married Lt. Commander William C. Bidlack, an efficiency expert for Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Also July 14, Barbara Bennett and Bob Randall were married in Las Vegas. Bob was the younger brother of Barbara's second husband, Addison Randall who was killed in a picture-making accident in 1945.

In Beverly Hills, on July 19, Jimmy Ritz married Judy Lee, while the groom's brothers, Harry and Al, served as attendants.

Far away in Hamburg, Germany, Peter Lorre and Annemarie Stoldt were married on July 22.

August belonged to the younger generation. On the 8th, Sandra Burns (*adopt-*

ed daughter of Gracie Allen and George Burns) eloped to Las Vegas with Young Wilhoite III. There had been no parental objection to the marriage and invitations had already been engraved for a large wedding on October 3, but the sweethearts decided that the fuss and feathers of a formal ceremony and a great reception represented too vast an undertaking. Joan Benny went along to serve as Sandra's Las Vegas attendant, and hinted that when the time came she would choose the same sort of wedding.

On August 22, Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton also Las Vegas-ed their romance.

The late Fall was notable for the marriage of Ann Rutherford and Bill Dozier, an expected union, and that of John Payne and Sandra Curtis, long anticipated. Totally unexpected was the Las Vegas wedding of Rebel Randall and Glenn Thompson (*oillionaire*), their trip to Texas to visit Mr. Thompson's family, and Rebel's desperate, non-stop drive back to Los Angeles to file suit for annulment and five hundred thousand dollars in damages.

The bustups were not as shocking this year as they have been in the past; in nearly every instance the final rupture came after many attempts to work out a satisfactory marriage solution. Anne Baxter's farewell to John Hodiak came on January 27. On February 3, Tony Helen Jaekel divorced Richard Jaekel but they reconciled in the late Summer and the marriage seemed to have a chance to survive for the benefit of their two sons, Richard Anthony and Barry Louis.

Donald and Gwen O'Connor separated the 12th of February, after a stormy 9 years of marriage, and Gwen secured an interlocutory decree on June 16.

Dean Martin and Jean Biegers separated briefly just before Valentine's Day, but made it up and will soon be parents for the second time.

In April one of the wonder marriages (*everyone wondered how it ever happened in the first place*) of Hollywood ended when Donald Siegel divorced Vivica Lindfors after 4 years of wedlock.

Something unique in divorce actions was that filed against the two members of a night club act when Mrs. Leslie Hall

and Mrs. Barbara Dell divorced Huntz Hall and Gabriel Dell respectively. The two former dead-end kids are now playing the bottle circuit.

June was kind to one alienated couple: a reconciliation between Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger was revealed when they applied for passports for themselves and their two daughters, Stephanie, 8, and Shelley, 4.

Aside from this chime, June was rough on the musical note. Singer Kay Starr divorced radio orchestra leader, Vic Schoen; Ginny Simms divorced Bob Calhoun without having celebrated even one wedding anniversary; Diana Lynn shed architect John C. Lindsay.

In Juarez, Mexico, on June 6, Ann Rutherford divorced David May II, after 11 years of marriage, seven of which had been spent apart. The divorce was congenial, making way for the marriage of David to Rita Rend, and that of Ann to Bill Dozier.

Martha Raye, living in Miami Beach, divorced Nick Condos in June; in Las Vegas Ingeborg Karen Lorre and Peter Lorre made a three-year separation final. Again this action was taken to clear the way for Peter's marriage in Hamburg to Annemarie Stoldt.

Beetsy Wynn secured her long-expected divorce from Keenan Wynn on June 29, but the town vibrated slightly when Eleanor Parker separated from Bert Friedlob.

Jeff and Marjorie Chandler separated again in June, and little chance of reconciliation remained. Phyllis Hill's marriage to Jose Ferrer was ended at Juarez on July 6, Bela Lugosi was de-wifed by Mrs. Lillian Lugosi on July 17, and Susan Hayward announced her intention of filing suit for divorce from Jess Barker on July 23.

Lillian Conway divested herself of Tom (*brother of George Sanders*), on the same day Betty Reilly was writing finis to her marriage to bandleader Charlie Barnet.

July saw the termination of the stormy Billy Eckstine marriage. Married in 1942, the Eckstines separated in 1951, reconciled, rifted, finally concluded that the hammering baton on the music-holder meant "stop."

No one was astonished when Lucille Ryman announced her separation from John Carroll after eight hectic years, but the town almost fell apart at Jane Powell's romance with Gene Nelson which climaxed in her divorcing Geary Steffen on August 6.

Another off-again on-again rift was solidified when Julie London filed suit against "Dragnet's" Jack Webb. Helen Forrest became a bachelor girl again by dropping Paul E. Holahan.

As the year wore out, Nora Haymes secured a divorce from Dick in Los Angeles, Dick secured a divorce from Nora in Las Vegas, the U.S. government favored permanent divorce from Dick, Actors' Equity suspended him, and the only bright spot was Rita's smile.

Wisenheimers in Hollywood had some ideas about wrecking crew activities likely to take place during 1954 in Hollywood. The scoop was that Deborah Kerr *and*



Jeff and Marjorie Chandler, after many tiffs, were one of the many marital casualties of the past year. It did not have the fireworks of other breakups.

Tony Bartley would take it to a judge, and the same might be said of Gail Russell and Guy Madison. The Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford marriage was said to contain a large question mark, but intimates insisted that the Fords were no different from a couple living in Duluth: the weather alternated from season to season.

After a long estrangement the Gregory Peck marriage seemed beyond repair when Greta finally filed a divorce suit. When finances are set divorce will come for Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, and things had deteriorated to such an extent for Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra that Frank allowed himself to be quoted as saying, "Neither of us wants to continue these silly quarrels. In case this is the end, both of us will try to understand."

It seemed reasonably certain that Guy Mitchell and Miss U.S.A. of 1952, Jackie Loughery, would end it all in court, but viewers of the international scene believed that Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders, exhibiting the ultimate in *sang froid* would continue their complex marriage.

No one would bet that Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas would marry, but continental spies insisted that King Clark (*Gable*) would bring home a bride named Suzanne Dadole, and that Gene Tierney would become the Princess Aly Khan.

Mingled with the hijinks and hilarity, there was the inescapable heartbreak which belongs to every year. However, some of the losses came wrapped in circumstance which seemed sad beyond reason. Early in January Judy Garland's mother, Mrs. Ethel Milne Gilmore, was found dead of a heart attack on the parking lot at Douglas Aircraft Corporation where she was employed. A young woman who loved life and who was working because she wanted to be of use in the world, she would have chosen some less easily misunderstood manner of exit if she had been given a choice.

On February 1, Alan Curtis, 43, died

for the second time. Originally he had expired on January 25, during surgery for a kidney ailment. For four minutes he had lain lifeless while surgeons made a chest incision, massaged the heart, and so restored physical function for six days. Yet the actor's faculties were not called back. He never regained consciousness.

The death of Steve Hannagan in Nairobi, Kenya, Africa, on February 5, was a desolating blow to everyone who had ever known him.

Another incomprehensible fatality was the death of Richard Dix, Jr., 18. A student at Santa Barbara State College, he had been working in a logging camp during vacation, was to have left for school the day after a load of logs shifted, pinning him beneath the load.

The dark angel was especially busy in reaping the lives of some of the most competent of the theatre's character actors: Ivan Lebedeff, 58, died in March; William Farnum, 76, died after long illness, as did Roland Young, 65; Big Bill Tilden, 60, who was voted, in 1950, "The all-time tennis great" and who taught many Hollywoodites their tennis, died in his sleep on June 5; Chris-Pin Martin, 59, the Pancho of the Cisco Kid films, expired from a heart attack on June 27.

Herbert Rawlinson, 67, died in July, as did Maude Adams, 80. In the Fall, Francis Ford (*brother of John Ford and a veteran of 33 years in pictures*) passed away, as did Nigel Bruce, 58, and Porter Hall, 65.

Irene Bordoni was a Spring casualty. Mozelle Britton Dinehart (*widow of Alan Dinehart who died in 1944*) and Lillian Wehmhoener MacMurray (*wife of Fred MacMurray and mother of two adopted children, Susan, 13, and Robert, 9*), both expired of heart conditions in May. Mrs. Leo Carrillo died in July, desolating the husband to whom she had been married for 40 years.

And so the lights dimmed and the curtains closed to mark the end of a play.

Opening on January 1st: That great spectacle, 1954. END



Guy Mitchell and wife, "Miss United States," failed to stay united in 1953.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

attribute in the spectacular haute-monde in which Aly travels. She would be a graceful, welcome figure wherever this set assembled—be they tycoons and playboys, princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, lords and those currently reigning kings and queens of Hollywood who are temporarily on the loose.

Rita Hayworth, her glamorous predecessor, failed because she could not, or did not want to, adapt herself ultimately to Aly's world, his mode of living. She obtained a divorce from the Prince last January and in April was awarded \$48,000 a year from her ex-husband for the support of their three-year-old daughter Yasmin. (*To date, Aly has not forked over a red cent.*)

Rita and Aly traveled extensively, danced many an hour away, but not

enough to suit the tireless Prince apparently, for he said she was "a homebody" and a wet blanket domestically, although a "fireball" on the screen.

Also, Rita has as much money as he, and Aly does not believe girls should have as much money as boys—not even when his money gushes from the bottomless pockets of a doting father.

Gene Tierney's stunning beauty, her charm and stylishness and her appearance at Europe's most fashionable places made it practically certain that sooner or later she would meet up with the roaming, roving-eyed Aly Khan.

When at last that moment arrived they became at once the Big Item in the European newspaper columns and among the gossipers of the avenues and spas.

The gorgeous Gene was one thing. But

the magic name of Khan—ah . . . Allah!

The highlight of the recent Paris social whirl was Aly's dinner at the Pre-Catalan in the Bois on the night of the Grand Prix. The party climaxing the racing season, in which Khan horses appeared, not too luckily, was hailed as the tops in a long list of Aly-sponsored feasts.

The elderly Aga was on hand to foot the bill—one of Himalayan proportions—for present were 180 guests representing the elite of the international set and of Hollywood.

Conspicuous at the long, tree-banked tables over which Aly and Gene, and the Aga and his Begum presided, were such figures as the Archduke Ferdinand of Hapsburg, the young Duchess of Devonshire, Marshal Juin of France, Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon.

Paris, it was said, had never seen so many beautiful and exquisitely gowned women at one sitting, and there were souvenirs for each of them—elegant scarves from the ateliers of Christian Dior.

The echoes of the party had scarcely died than Aly was off to America to dispose of some of his father's thoroughbreds at Saratoga's yearling sales. Gene did not accompany him here, thus avoiding field day headlines, and Aly no sooner added nearly \$20,000 to the paternal bankroll than he hurried back to France and her.

There was a new party coming up—the gala opening of the fashionable Sporting Club at Monte Carlo on the Riviera. There, again, Gene was a stunning companion for the man who has resumed his career as Europe's "most eligible playboy." They were acclaimed the most scintillating couple on the floor.

The 40-year-old Aly enjoys himself spending Pop's money. He lives luxuriously wherever the mood calls him—in his Neuilly home on the outskirts of Paris, on his Irish estate, in his lavish Chateau l'Horizon overlooking the Mediterranean at Cannes.

Always the fortune of Aga Khan is the controlling factor.

Gene, now 32 years old—only one year younger than Rita Hayworth and, like

Rita, born in Brooklyn—is wise enough to know that marriage to Aly Khan could be an expensive thing, for the world knows he is not only broke, but heavily in debt.

The only person who can line his nest and keep him on friendly terms with the restaurateurs and shopkeepers is his father. From all reports the old Aga has not yet tired of that assignment.

Perhaps one reason for his continued reluctance to withhold funds from his money-spending son is the fact that he has become fond of Gene. However, he was also fond of Rita, but that did not help the girl financially a bit.

Gene, in her to-the-monor-born manner as a prospective Princess, possesses the background, the diplomacy, the sure social tact, to keep her relations with the Aga firmly in an *entente cordiale*.

It is difficult to picture Gene commenting as did Rita at the time she walked out on Aly in September, 1952, that he spent too much money, while she had to "work for the two of us."

Meanwhile, Aly Khan is said to be still chagrined about Rita Hayworth leaving him. Added to his new-found love for Gene, he would like to recapture his prestige by marrying another Hollywood star.

After what she has termed a "pretty rough time" in Hollywood, Gene is currently having a whirl for herself. When she filed suit for divorce from Cassini in January, 1952, and asked for the custody of their two daughters, Daria, nine, and Christina, four, she was a lonely and wretched girl.

She wondered if she would ever be able to care that much again for a man.

The screen suddenly proved a stimulating tonic—the screen and Paris, that is. While sojourning in the French capital she got a chance to make pictures in South America and London. The assignments took her away from unhappy scenes and memories.

The romance with Aly started in the Fall of 1952 in Buenos Aires, where Gene had gone to make "Way Of A Gaucho." By the time she had returned to Paris for her next picture it had become so serious that a trek to the altar was looked for as soon as her divorce from her husband was final.

Gene rented the apartment in the French capital that the Louis Jourdans had been occupying, and sending for her mother to join her, she announced she was in no hurry to return to America. The action convinced Hollywood she was not planning to come home soon.

The romance was going full tide last New Year's Eve. The gay Riviera set at Cannes—the gayest in Europe—got a big eyeful when as the clock said midnight at a swank night club, Prince Aly took the lovely green-eyed Gene into his arms and kissed her ardently for a full minute.

The orchestra, appropriately, struck up "Let's Start The New Year Right," and Aly and Gene danced in the new year. They were for even the most blase visitors a most affectionate couple, and there were people who recalled how Aly's kisses were reportedly described by one of his admirers shortly after the breakup of his marriage to Rita.



Co-stars Gene Tierney, Leo Genn on set of "Personal Affair" in England.

Greek actress Irene Papas, from Rome, was said to have asserted that Aly's kisses "speak for themselves."

Throughout the night-long celebration, Aly and Gene basked in what some guests called "the benevolent gaze" of the old Aga as he peered at the couple through his thick glasses and the hazy smoke. Others thought the look he gave the pair was "inscrutable."

Whatever his inner feelings were about them, no one was the wiser—not even in the confidential, confessional atmosphere of a New Year's Eve.

This much is known, however. The Aga tossed the party and presided over a table of fourteen, to which Gene and Aly occasionally repaired between dances for a draught of bubbly water.

Upon returning to Paris, Gene hardly had time to unpack her luggage than she flew to London to work on the picture, "Personal Affair," opposite Leo Genn. News that she and Aly were devoted to each other preceded her, and there was a rush of newspapermen to the London airport.

They wanted to know all, and Gene was reasonably frank and friendly.

"Of course, I see a lot of Aly Khan," she told them. "I am a single girl and I go out with lots of men. I like him very much."

Aly, it was noted, also turned up in London by plane on what he called a business trip.

What had, hitherto, been only romantic conjectures, prefaced by "My word!" "Oh, I say!" on the part of the reporters now became to them definite hints of early wedding bells.

Then Aly and Gene bobbed up in Ireland for a "quiet" holiday at the Khan farm in County Kildare, where Aly and his father raise horses. "Quiet" meant they were not talking publicly about marriage.

At Curragh House, which Aly had bought and furnished for Rita soon after their ill-starred union, he declined flatly to say whether he planned to make Gene his second bride from Hollywood.

By then Hollywood was lifting its expressive eyebrows and bristling up its

eager ears at the increasingly spectacular news of the Gene Tierney-Aly Khan romance. Because Oleg Cassini was still designing her chic wardrobe, the film town had been inclined to think Gene was contemplating making up with her former husband who had been the first man in her life.

Such notions were rapidly dissipated, however, when Gene received her final divorce. Hollywood realized she had no intention of leaving her present environment.

Europe is more exciting than ever to her. The social life of the Continent appeals to her, and when the Summer is over in Paris and Britain and the Riviera, there is the Winter fun at St. Moritz to give her new adventure. Living in Switzerland is no novel experience, however, for Gene. She went to finishing school in Lausanne in her teens.

Meanwhile, Gene exulted in the pleasure her new diamond ring from Aly gave her. Though it was not as big as the Ritz, it was a dazzler. When the eyes of observers lifted to Gene's face it was startlingly apparent she wore no lipstick. Aly, it seems, likes his girls free of it. Or, rather, he wants to be free of it if, and when, he kisses them.

Gene received her uncontested divorce decree from her 41-year-old husband on April 9. Married June 1, 1941, at Las Vegas, Nevada—she was madly in love with him at the time—they separated on their 10th wedding anniversary after having previously separated in 1946, only to reconcile in 1947.

In the divorce action, she testified Count Cassini preferred the tennis court to courting her. She said he never contributed to the support of their two children. Under the decree, she asked for no alimony, but she was awarded their custody. Under the terms of the property settlement, Cassini agreed to pay \$63 a week for the support of the youngsters, plus 10 per cent of his annual earnings over \$10,000.

Gene Tierney belongs to Fifth Avenue, the Rue de la Paix, and Mayfair and smart cafes, just as she once belonged to select girls' schools and debutante parties. She was once one of New York's important deb.

She has traveled far since her early Hollywood days when she was a lonely, bewildered girl, fresh from the Broadway hit, "The Male Animal." So little versed was she in the atmosphere of Hollywood that she was cast in a succession of Oriental characters. The film producers believed because she had an exotic beauty she was most suitable for exotic parts—native girls in hula skirts and Chinese robes. She longed to have a real American role. She has played many since those days.

So enraptured is she with her new Continental life that only some wonderful picture opportunity that she really wants could tempt her to leave Europe now.

"Prince Aly is charming," Gene declares. "But," she insists, "it's just a very nice friendship. Let's say he's had unhappiness in his life and so have I."

Gene, above all, craves happiness, and she is finding it—with Aly Khan. **END**

HOW TO GET A MAN BACK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

then, but each time I found it was to our mutual advantage to call it a day. This whole matter, therefore, seems to depend on what the relationship between the girl and the man is—and how these questions are answered: "Am I sure I want him back? Is this right for both of us?"

Naturally, consideration must be given to the problem that caused the break-up. If, after thinking it over, you think the matter cannot be solved, then what is the sense in making your life unhappy by pursuing a hopeless goal?

In answering this question, you have to, of course, be honest with yourself. And if you honestly find that there is a quality in the man—or in yourself—that cannot be adjusted or reconciled, it's better that you face the parting bluntly rather than go back together and have to face the problem again in a few months.

If, on the other hand, you have decided that there is a reason for the romance to be renewed, and if there is enough desire on both parts to make the necessary concessions and changes, then you have your work cut out for you.

Some girls, at this point, indulge in false pride. They can't bring themselves to say, "I'm sorry," even if they know they are at fault. In such cases, it hardly seems to me that the romance is important enough, because if it were, it wouldn't matter in the least who makes the first move towards renewing the association—the man or the girl.

There are those young ladies who are firmly convinced they want the man back—but only when they see him out with another girl a couple of nights later. This piques them. Their pride—*false* pride—is hurt because he is not sitting at home pining over the broken love affair. So they start out on a campaign of re-conquest. This will only wind up in trouble.

Then there are the girls who really want him back. They cry and carry on—and in so doing, lose their dignity, their self-respect, and their real pride. I can only feel that if a girl's integrity, ideals, and sense of honor are shaken by a man she can't really want him back. The girl who

has a chance to resume a romance is the one who can keep her dignity and emotional balance.

Once a girl is sure the man has the qualities she wants—and I can't emphasize that too much—she can campaign in several ways. She can do as I did and just happen to be where he is and try to be as attractive as possible. There are always places at school where the students meet. Not that she should be obvious in what she's doing or that she should hang around street corners. At all times, though, she must remember to keep her self-respect. And this certainly holds true when she finally does meet the man. This is not the time for any tearful pleading.

Once the meeting has taken place the girl should say she's sorry—if she really is—and if the man was at fault he should do the same. She also should ask herself if she really understands why he did what he did—or whether she merely reacted too quickly and impatiently. Once she knows—honestly—she should tell him she understands.

If the meeting doesn't come about soon, however, I don't feel that a girl should go into hibernation. Nor should she accept just any date to make the man believe she really didn't care. If she does go out on dates, though, I think it would be unwise to be over-gay, to put on a front. It's far better to be normal about it all. Putting on an act for him, or for yourself, gets you no place.

Any attempt to make the man jealous is a false way to begin any new association—at least in my humble opinion. I can't imagine any boy's wanting to go with a girl just because she is attractive to other boys. This is silly. If he did feel this way, who would want him? It is during this waiting period that a girl should never do anything for effect—but only what she wants to do.

There is an advantage, however, in going out with other men. She might be better able to know if she really wants the man back. Any broken romance is usually a sudden thing. The girl will go through the stages of thinking she hates him and then of indulging in self-pity and high dramatics. By going out with other men, she can find out whether this one certain man really matters to her. Comparison is a fine way to see him in the true light.

This matter of dating can also tell a girl whether or not what bothered her before about the man really mattered. And that's, after all, the primary problem to solve before there is any attempt to win him back.

In some cases, it's the man who makes the first move to start again. I've known girls who have secretly been pining away for a man and who will, for some strange reason, suddenly play hard to get when he does call. They think this is the time for great independence. If such girls honestly wanted to make up, they'd be idiots to play hard to get. They'd just be cooking their own goose, to fix up a nice cliché.

However, there are some boys who are

used to girls' fawning over them. In such cases, perhaps a little independence might not be a bad idea. I don't know, though, about this. I can't subscribe to any theory that involves being dishonest about big things. Maybe little things can have a certain amount of trickery.

As an example of what I mean, I usually put more on Tony's plate at dinner because I know that no matter whether I give him a lot or a little he's going to leave about the same amount of food on his plate. If I give him more, he eats more. This is trickery, I grant you, but it is not on an important matter. I'd never play a game with him on anything involving our love for each other.

The girls who play independent just to be playing a game are often the ones who have convinced themselves they are deeply in love and wanted the man back but who find, after a while, that what they felt was merely possession. If you want the man and get him and then find the fun is over, you're not in love at all. You are merely possessing. Love fills a life completely. Possession fills it only for a few brief moments after the conquest is completed. To know how you feel, though, I guess you have to make the move first to get him back.

Once the romance has begun there is not time to relax. There has to be a conscious effort to keep the romance alive so it will lead to marriage—and even when marriage results, you still have to work at it. That wonderful, uplifting feeling of unselfishly being in love can only remain if you don't repeat the same mistakes that caused the trouble in the first place. You have to remember what it was that caused you to act the way you did and made him do as he did. But don't think that from then on there will be no more arguments. There will—and they can bring about deeper understanding of each other.

Any argument, of course, brings unhappiness. I don't enjoy arguing in the least. But Tony and I, knowing how much we love each other, only have the desire to solve our problems. We try to correct them and, thereby, to understand them. In such respects, arguments can be healthy.

It seems to me that unhappiness can often be healthy in people's lives. From that unhappiness you learn to understand the reasons and to find a ray of light. Out of that discovery can come growth which brings you a notch closer to a firmer relationship. It's vitally important to find the reason for the unhappiness because otherwise it will happen again and again and will get worse each time. Not that I think it's possible to find the answer the first, second, or even third time, but eventually, if you want to, you'll find the solution.

Tony and I have had discussions and have thought, at the time, that we have solved all we knew about the problem. But it has taken us several more discussions to get right at the core. We have learned the hard way that you can't change and be good over night. It takes a lot of little steps, some unhappiness, and many experiences before the solution is complete.

For example, I've been trying to change



Janet's husband, Tony, cutting capers during his recent "All-American" film.

my nervousness. I know now that I have made progress only since I tried to find out what made me give in to nerves. If someone did something wrong to me and I happened to be physically tired, I used to blow up. Afterwards, I'd die a thousand deaths for having done it. I know that even if the other person were wrong to begin with I was still at fault for having blown up. I have been given several chances to overcome this fault and each time I overcome it a little more.

When Tony and I first got married rumors about our breaking up appeared constantly in the papers and would upset us terribly. Now these reports, which still go merrily on, don't bother us. Recently, I was reading all the fan magazine gossip

columns and every column but one had Tony and me breaking up. That one said that we had solved our problems beautifully and that if any couple would be happily married fifty years from now it would be Tony and me. A year or so ago, I would have called those columnists and raised Cain, but this time I just called the one who had seen our side. And I really thanked him!

Because Tony and I have now found real happiness, I feel very strongly about this matter of winning a man back. A girl must know within herself if there is a chance for happiness, if he's right for her and she for him. Otherwise, she may win him back only to gain a life full of sorrows and unhappiness.

END

DOROTHY KILGALLAN'S EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

week-long seige of bedside sitting with his ailing parent . . .

Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes plan raising a large family of their own—as many as four or five children—according to the newlyweds. Rita's studio biggies are tearing their hair out over her pending motherhood schedule of "one a year." After their firstborn, Rita will insist upon Dick being co-starred in her return to the screen. She feels his talents as an actor have never been properly exploited in Hollywood . . .

The Montgomery Clift-Libby Holman romance is the talk of New York. She's known him since he was a teenager and any marriage plans they may have cannot be taken too lightly. Monty has always preferred older women—his Hollywood romances with youthful glamour girls were strictly publicity fodder . . .

Bob Mitchum has consulted his lawyers again—this time to see what can be done to prosecute a small-time radio commentator in San Francisco who instigated the Mitchum-Terry Moore romance items. Bob, in a swivet over the matter, also wanted to know how he stands should he fly to the Bay City and personally tend to the newscaster with a little roughing up . . .

Susan Hayward has been dating young Bob Wagner at Palm Springs—with the consent of his parents—and she always brings her twins along with her. At weekend parties at Santa Barbara, it's a different matter—the Hayward youngsters stay home—something else again with Mr. & Mrs. Robert Wagner, Sr. . . .

Pat Denise, once billed as Patrice Denisova of the Ballet Russe, will be given a major screen buildup after she has been seen by film fans in "Knock On Wood," the Danny Kaye starrer. She dances again opposite Danny in "White Christmas" and will follow up that assignment with the



Surprisingly enough, Susan Hayward has been dating Bob Wagner in Palm Springs.

leading role in Donald O'Connor's next movie . . .

Steve Forrest, Dana Andrews' brother, so good in "So Big" with Jane Wyman, gets equal billing with Howard Keel in "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers" and the latter isn't hiding the fact he's miffed at the idea.

Marlon Brando's early "retirement" plan has hit a snag—he's up for the film version of "Pal Joey" (in the role originated on the Broadway stage by Gene Kelly) and subsequently, "Picnic"—the play that made a stage star of Ralph Meeker. The Brando threats to quit making movies get space every time and those in the know find it amusing reading over their morning coffee. "The Wild One" likes money too much to quit.

Marlene Dietrich broke off with her young Hollywood admirer—a lad in his twenties. It was a big thing for a month

or so. Her decision to end the whole thing didn't discourage him in the least. His was the first table reservation received by the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, for Marlene's opening night as a cafe performer . . .

Alexis Smith's touring production of "Wonderful Town"—in the role originally essayed on Broadway by Rosalind Russell—has Hollywood bidding for her services before she takes to the boards on a 40-week cross-country jaunt. The former film star expects to settle down in Chicago for a year's run and she won't be resuming her screen career until late in 1955 . . .

A famed film star now in the East, deserted her psychiatrist in the midst of a crucial course of treatments, and he's frankly worried stiff. Says she may crack up any day, which will make it tough on her husband and the kiddies . . .

One of the best kept secrets is Danny Kaye's part in the real estate deal involving a farm of 700 acres in Central Canada. The property is supposedly being purchased by Capt. Peter Townsend, Britain's Princess Margaret's beau, and if it's true, the arrangement has romantic significance of international interest. Danny denies any part in the matter and professes complete amazement that he has even been linked with the future plans of Princess Margaret and Capt. Townsend. A Montreal realty firm, however, claims the farmland property has been earmarked for sale at the request of the screen comedian . . .

Hollywood's most talk-making trio stars Peggy Lee, Brad Dexter—from whom she is getting divorced after a brief marriage—and Dave Barbour, her ex-husband to whom she is reported returning as soon as she's legally free of Brad! They've been making the nightclub rounds in a happy little group . . .

Oh, come on, now! Joan Blondell and a group of cinema performers have organized a panel to tour the country and debate the Kinsey Report on Women . . .

Marilyn Morrison Ray put the bite on Johnnie Ray for a cool \$100,000 with payments to be spread out over a longer period than first anticipated. And Marilyn, a smarter cookie than most folks suspected, gets her settlement loot tax-free, and another trek to the altar will not affect the agreement. She still gets paid.

Shelley Winters' cafe stint was heavily publicized as her "night club debut" but former New York pals can remember when she performed at the now defunct La Conga, in the heart of Times Square, in a condensed version of a musical comedy. She was featured, then. She's starred now . . .

One of the most famous and best of the female thrushes is in hock up to her earrings—none of her closest friends even suspect she's in financial straits . . .

George Sanders got his hands on several pieces of mail sent to Zsa Zsa Gabor

in Paris. Her address in Gay Paree was the town house of Porfirio Rubirosa and it lessened Zsa Zsa's demands when she and Sanders conferred with their attorneys in Hollywood. Their on-again, off-again divorce plans remain unsettled and a last-minute "second honeymoon" may pave the way for a final reconciliation. At this point, no one seems to care very much what George and Zsa Zsa do about their marriage—it's getting monotonous.

Nancy Walker, who went to Hollywood to co-star in "Lucky Me" with Doris Day, returned to New York a very disillusioned, unemployed actress. Doris Day's illness postponed the film and the Walker lass had trekked to filmdom without a guarantee. No work, no pay. Others, disappointed when the movie didn't get rolling, took other film assignments and the job of recasting the Day film had to get under way all over again. Marge and Gower Champion had nixed an earlier bid to cancel their Eastern night club personal appearances for a co-starring slot in the musical. Instinct caused the Champions to decline the offer and they completed their cafe engagements coining more money and finding more new fans than they have won to date with their many screen roles . . .

Greta Garbo turned down Sir Alexander Korda's plea that she play the suicidal heroine in "The Deep Blue Sea," so he has given up plans to film the successful New York-London play. He feels no other actress is equipped for the role. What's wrong with Margaret Sullavan who created the role in the Broadway production, Sir Alexander? . . .

Hollywood starlets now feel they're just not living if they're not dating one or more baseball or football players. The DiMaggio-Monroe stories have inspired the girls' passion for sports page "names." Actors and musicians have been moved down a notch or two in their estimation, and agents don't rate at all.

Hedy Lamarr's decision to cut short her European filmmaking, if the starring role in the forthcoming Broadway play, "Wait For Tomorrow," was revised to suit her, had nothing to do with her admiration for Magda Lupescu, on whose biography the script is based. It's an income tax matter with Hedy, and success on the New York stage would eventually insure further Hollywood screen work for her and help lessen the burden of paying up back taxes long overdue. The glamorous Lamarr is no longer socko at the box-office. Her career needs a shot in the arm . . .

Sad is the report that one of the most talented of Hollywood's song-and-dance men was picked up by the Los Angeles police, high heels, ruffles and all. The studio—a major one—kept the matter off the police blotter, but they all know it's only a question of time before the tragic story-hits the front pages. It's his second offense . . .

END



If a friend's ex-steady wants to date you —

- ☐ Grab the guy ☐ Get the facts ☐ Be sly

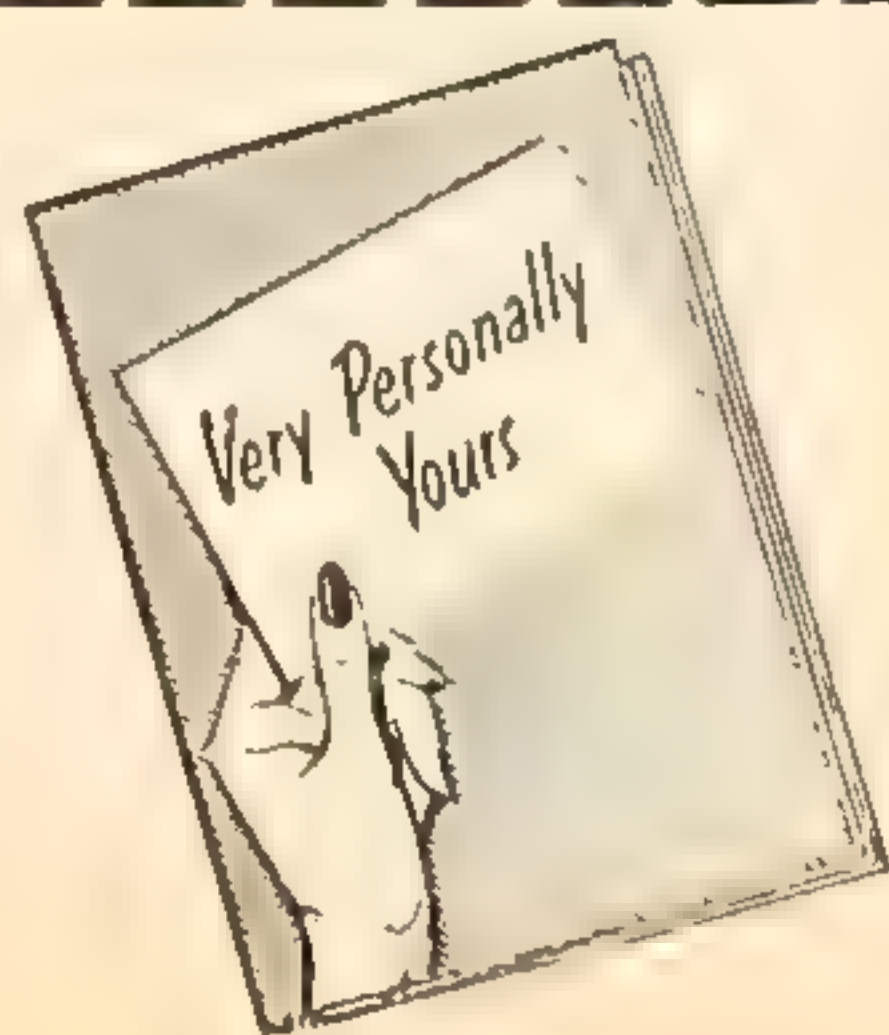
Secretly, you've been green-eyed about him—tho' as Sally's beau he was "mustn't touch." But they've broken up; and now you hear the "all clear" (you t-h-e-e-n-k). Listen again. Get the facts—from Sally. Is she still torching for him? Then he's still off-limits, unless you'd like being the town's meanest moll! You're all clear, confidence-wise, when you rout certain days' discomfort with Kotex. For softness unlimited, Kotex holds its shape.



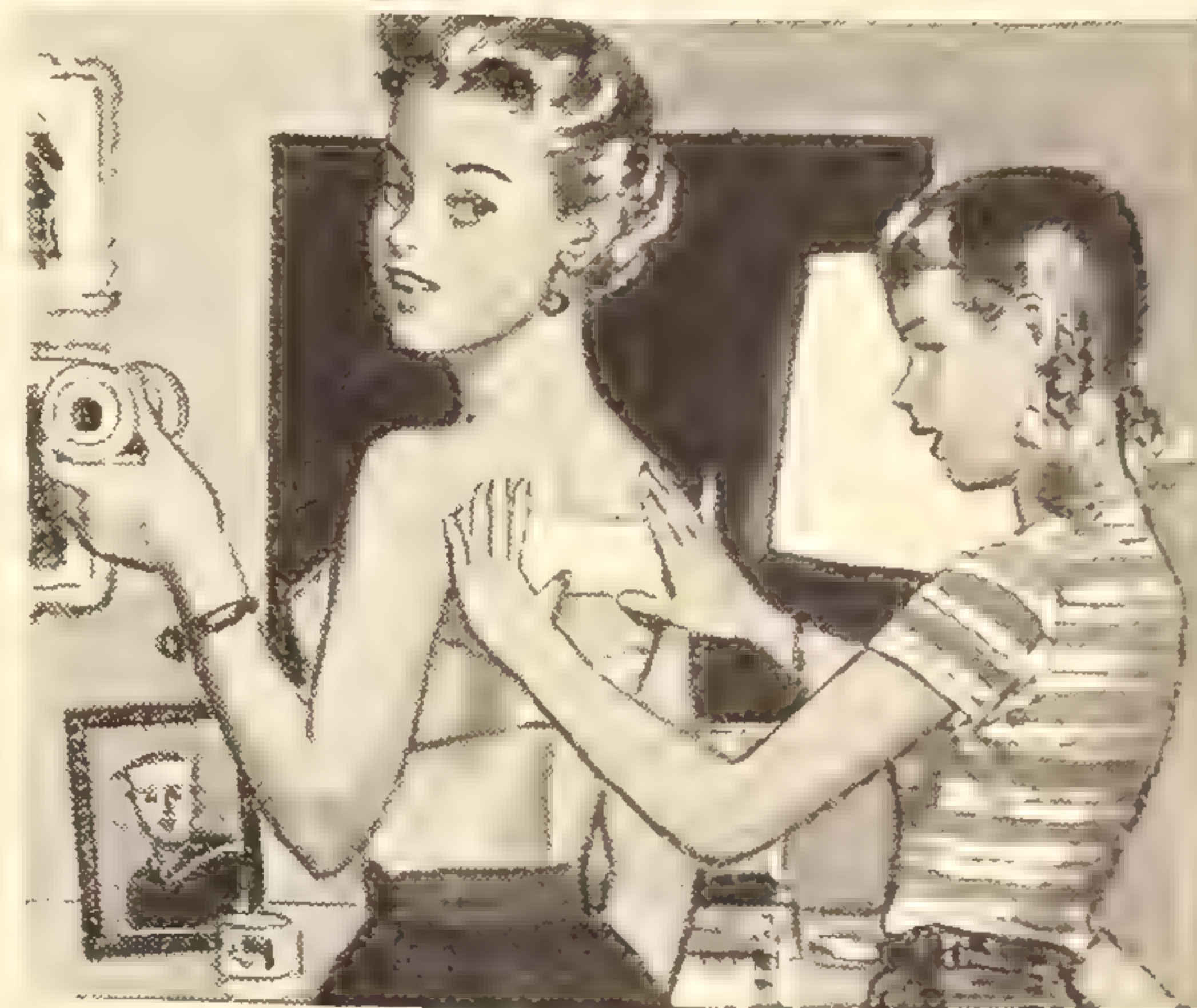
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PORTRAIT OF MY HUSBAND

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

I was 16 then, and he treated me like a little girl, but I remember I was always in the hall when he came out of his dressing room, or lingering at the entrance to the commissary as he went in or out. He must have fallen over me 20 times a day, but it did me no good. He simply didn't see me.

When I grew up and we met again, it was a different story.

What attracted me at first were his good looks and his charm; afterward, when I came to know him well, it was his divine sense of humor and fun. His humor is always directed at himself. If an unkind, though riotously funny, story is told about someone, Michael immediately caps it with a funnier tale that makes him out to be twice as dim-witted or fuzz-brained as the first man. Somehow he manages to do this without offending even the teller of the tale.

He has no gift for the practical. When we were decorating the nursery, he was suddenly smitten with the ambition to build cabinets or shelves along one wall. He ordered lumber, tools, paint and gadgets and spent a few evenings poring over a book of instructions. Then he went around measuring. Finally, he looked at his lumber, his tools, his book of instructions and me. "Now really," he said, "I haven't the faintest idea how to build anything. Whatever made me think I could?" Then he forgot the whole thing.

As to tastes: Michael likes music, but doesn't understand the classical type of thing, and I doubt if he'd enjoy the ballet. I've never asked him to go.

We both like painting, and I am tremendously interested in sculpture. Since we have been married, Michael has also become interested in it, and when we have time, we hope to go in for it together.

We read a great deal. Michael is an omnivorous reader: autobiography, comic books, history, Mickey Spillane, law, newspapers, current events magazines, sports, politics. If it's in print, he'll read it, even if it's only a label on a tin.

On television, he loves boxing. Sometimes I wish we had never had a set in the house, for when he's watching this sport, no one can make him hear a word! He says he doesn't care for wrestling, but once in a while I creep into the room and find him spellbound before some wrestlers. "Aha!" I cry, and he tells me that he was just turning the dial looking for a new station.

People say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but those people never knew Michael Wilding. He isn't interested in food. He can't imagine what to order in a restaurant. It's a family joke that we had pea soup, bacon and eggs for our wedding-night supper. Michael couldn't think what else to order!

Bacon and eggs are his favorite dish. He can't cook and wouldn't attempt to try. Since bacon and eggs are my one culinary triumph, isn't it fortunate that he likes them?

We took the baby to England to see his grandparents. He is the most important thing that ever happened to us, and for

nine months he's taken up all our attention when we weren't working. We hate to miss any of his baby tricks. When I brought him home from the hospital I was so ill I had to have a hospital bed, and wasn't allowed to leave it, but Michael was up every five minutes, it seems to me, running in to have a look at the baby to be sure he was all right. My husband left the studio early in order to see his son take first solid food. We count that day lost when we can't play with the baby together. We don't spoil him; how can you spoil a child who is only nine months old? I don't believe Michael will spoil him when he is older, for both of us want him to grow into a nice boy, not a brat, and then into a fine man. Most little children try to imitate their fathers, and if our son does so, he'll be considerate, charming, thoughtful and possessed of beautiful manners.

We can't plan ahead in life, but if things work out well for us, we'd like to send him to school in Switzerland when he's about 12. There he would have to learn to speak French, German and Italian, languages which should be an advantage to him whatever he may do.

We will leave him free to choose his own profession or career, but hope he will choose to be a doctor or a lawyer, or something more solid than acting. Neither Michael nor I feel that acting is the ideal career. It's precarious, for one thing. Michael's mother was an actress for a short time. She didn't want Michael to be an actor, although she made no objection when he became one. It was entirely accidental, Michael says, and merely a matter of luck; but I think the luck belongs to his audiences. . . . Have I mentioned that he is my favorite actor?

As to my career, Michael feels that I should work as long as I wish to do so. He's proud of me, but never tries to interfere. He doesn't read the script of any picture I am to do, or discuss it with me. He says that by this time I know what I am doing and so does my director; why should my husband confuse me? He sees all my pictures, but makes no criticism; after all, when he sees it the picture is finished, what could anyone do?

Of all my films, my latest, "Rhapsody," is his favorite. You know why? Because in it I am late for a concert and he thinks it's so true to life! Seriously, though, he believes it is my best work to date.

He is always prompt, and I am always late. Michael doesn't approve of my tardiness; he says it's rude to keep people waiting, and I know he is right. I try to hurry, but can't seem to manage it. When we are going out to dinner, he is ready on the dot. He comes into my room where I am sitting at my dressing-table, trying to put on my lipstick. He looks at his watch.

"We have exactly two-and-a-half minutes to get to wherever-it-is," he will say, sternly. This completely throws me. My hand begins to shake, I get into a dither, and my lipstick goes all over my face. What a mess! I have to start all over again, and we are even later.



Michael Wilding helps Joan Crawford to coffee during "Torch Song" break.

I suppose Michael has faults, but I can't think of any. There's nothing about him I would change except that I wish he wouldn't be cross with me when I'm late. Did I say I'm in love with the man?

The value of money is an open book to my husband; he knows what we can afford and what we had better do without. He simply doesn't need money the way other people do. He doesn't care for clothes, never notices what he's eating, hates big parties, and belongs to no clubs. He spends money only to buy presents for me. I am just the opposite, but for his birthday this year I bought him a Cadillac convertible, saved the money from my allowance, doing without all sorts of extravagances, but it was worth it!

We are both essentially lazy people; we love to lie around, reading, looking at television, playing with the baby and relaxing. Isn't it fortunate that one of us isn't the energetic type? I often think with a shudder how terrible it would be if Michael were one of those hearty souls who pop out of bed in the rosy dawn, crying: "Come, let's have a round of golf before breakfast!" or "How about a nice hike up to Mount Wilson?" or "Why don't we build ourselves a patio and barbecue?"

When we entertain, we like to do so informally, with a buffet dinner in the house, or a supper beside the pool, according to the season. We don't plan a program and herd our guests through it; that's too exhausting, and as I have said, we are the lazy type. Sometimes we play cards, but not often. Occasionally, we like to play a game in which we paint a mental picture of someone. One of the players leaves the room; the rest agree on the subject of the portrait; the player comes back and proceeds to ask questions. For example: "What color does the subject remind you of?" This can lead to confusion, for I might say, of an exciting person: "Vivid scarlet," and Michael might answer: "Velvet black." Strange as it may seem, however, it is possible to guess who it is before too long.

The guests who play this game with us are usually the Richard Burtons, the Stewart Grangers, Tony and Deborah Bartley, the Marshall Thompsons.

We live in a modern house. Everyone thought we would want an English-style,

timber and brick or stone place, so that Michael's collection of antiques would be at home in it. But we both like modern things. Michael sold all his furniture in London, and we looked until we found a house that suited us. I chose all the colors, but we had a decorator to help us.

Traveling with Michael is always exciting. We are both as nutty as a fruit-cake: we lose our tickets, suitcases are left behind, or we take the wrong ones into our cabin, and the ones we need are in the hold of the ship.

Did I tell you we like the same things? I adore animals, and so does he. I go around gathering up the creatures. We now have four cats and four dogs.

I'm told that I see Michael through rose-colored glasses, and that this isn't a clear portrait of my husband, but that's not true. The other day a friend warned that I would give Michael a swelled head if I let him hear me talk about him. Michael overheard and played it straight. "On the contrary, old boy, my head appears to be shrinking," he asserted. "I put on my last year's hat and it came well down over my ears!"

The nicest thing Michael ever did for me was . . . marry me! END

ARTHUR GODFREY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26]

he hardly had a penny and no one would lend him a dime. He says, "When I was broke, nobody ever gave me anything. Now that I have lots of money, I don't need to buy anything. It's given to me. Ironic, isn't it?"

And pinching pennies has become second-nature to the man who at one time didn't have the pennies to pinch. Even now with a farm worth millions, his two Cadillacs, and several airplanes, he doesn't throw his money around. He gets a nickel's worth for every nickel he spends.

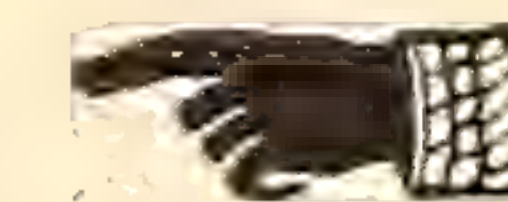
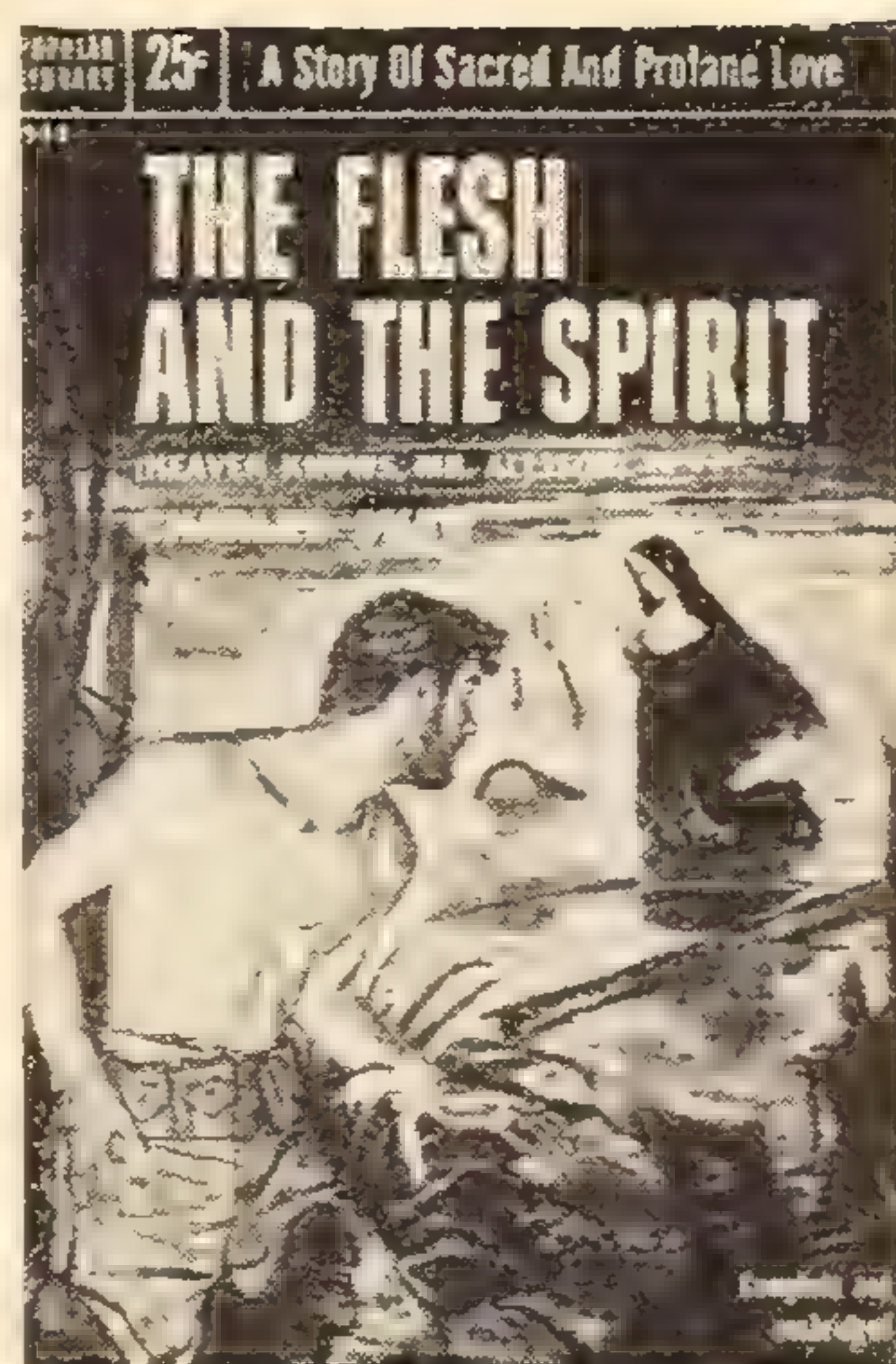
And this brings us to the core of his appeal as an entertainer. Godfrey is "the average American." He pinches his pennies—so do all the rest of us. He enjoys having an airplane to fly—who wouldn't? He likes to try to ice skate and does about as well as any of the rest of us. Arthur Godfrey is doing what we'd like to do and enjoying it just as we'd enjoy it. And his audience listens and applauds, agrees or disagrees, just as they would with a friend who lived next door.

Success has had its drawbacks—just like the "poor little rich girl," Godfrey can no longer enjoy the privileges that come from absolute freedom of movement. He can't lose himself in a crowd—he can't wander unrecognized through the streets. This has been an actual handicap for Godfrey, because he used to draw a lot of inspiration from his direct contact with the public. Now, since TV has made his face familiar to all the nation, he can no longer ride on the subway or bus unrecognized and listen to what people are interested in. He can't go, un-

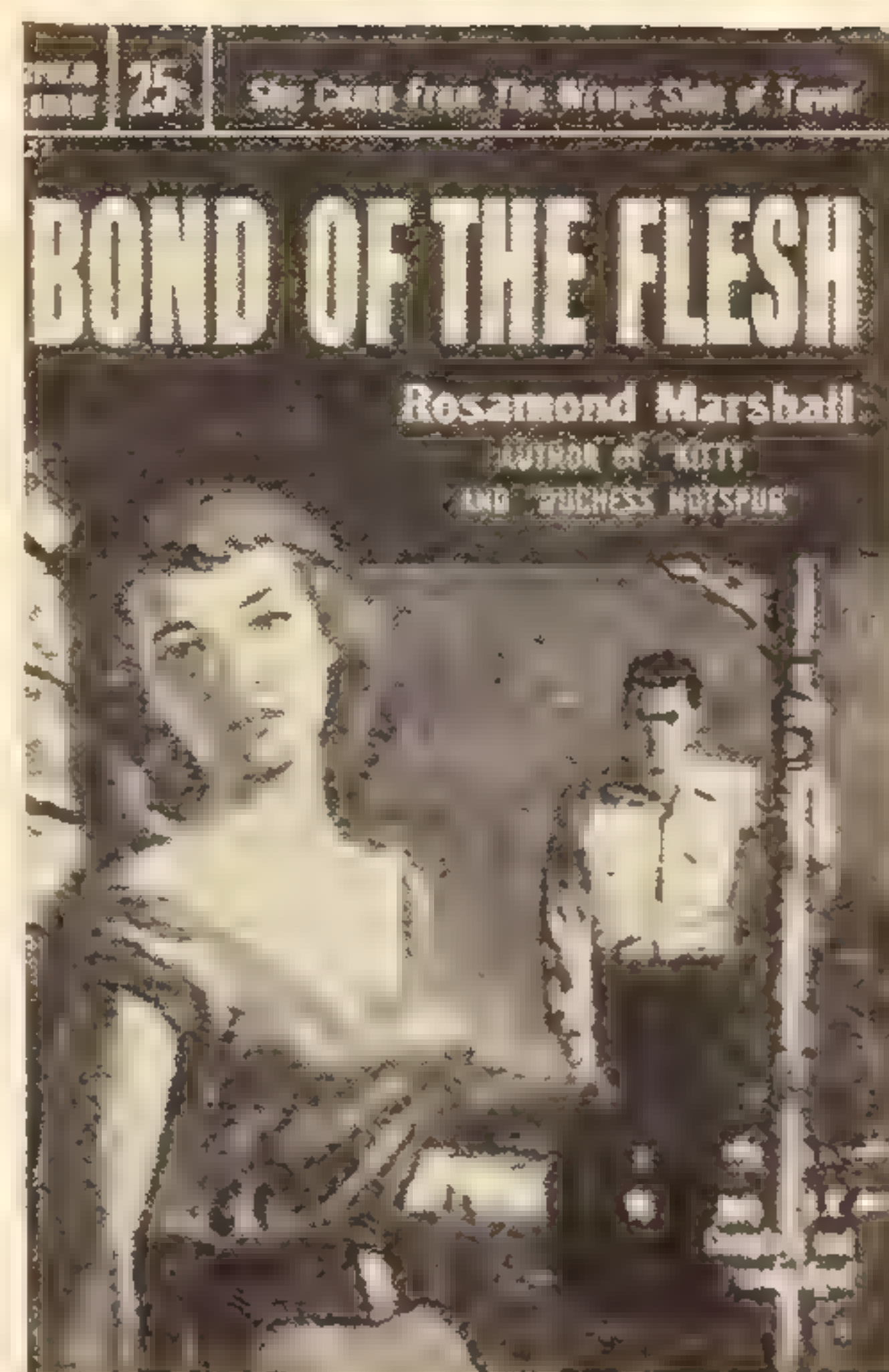
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known, into a barber shop and swap gossip "one man to another." Because he now can't handle this important part of his contact with the people, he has five writers who do it for him. They can mingle in crowds and hear the comments and the opinions that Godfrey no longer is able to get for himself.

And in discussing his staff, we come to one of the most important aspects of Godfrey's success. He has learned to surround himself with a staff of high calibre. He is a smart businessman, which is especially evident when it comes to his staff, which includes such well-known radio writers as Chuck Horner and Hank Miles, Charlie Slocum and Andy Rooney. From radio also he brought the music and lyric writer, Lyn Duddy and Joan Edwards.

When Godfrey went into TV, he realized that this new medium required experience from the legitimate theatre, and he added to his staff Al Moritz, whom Variety had just designated as "one of the most excitingly promising young talents." He brought in Harry Rogue, of considerable stage background, as choreographer. And he added to his staff two Broadway stage managers—the O'Brien boys, Chet and Snookie.

After surrounding himself with the best people he could find, he has had the courage to try new ways to run his shows. At the present time the Godfrey show is introducing to the system a new "twist" never used before. This came about because of "The Operation." With Godfrey on the farm and the cast in New York, it was necessary for Godfrey to be at all rehearsals, but how could this be possible with him an invalid on the farm and the cast several hundred miles away? Well, with Arthur Godfrey's drive and CBS's millions, nothing is impossible. A television sending tower was built on his farm, at the cost, by the way of \$65,000. A crew of eleven technicians and cameramen were moved down to Virginia and the rehearsals began.

With the cast seeing Godfrey on their monitor TV screens in the theatre and Godfrey seeing the cast on his set at the farm, rehearsals could continue with the "boss" overseeing everything, as it was conceived and done. This also brought about the use of the technique of the "split-screen" so that it is possible for the television audience to see Godfrey on the farm and the cast in New York at the same time, or each segment individually. And here's a real scoop for you! Mr. Godfrey has been talking, very hush-hush now, of his plans to do a show with segments of the cast all over the country, and using this technique to build them all into one big show.

As one of the writers said, "Oh, Arthur can do it, but I think he'd better be careful. He can carry this split-screen technique too far. Arthur may be on the farm and the cast may be in New York, the orchestra in Alaska, but the audience may be in the movies."

Before this "new look" in the show, the program was plotted in free-for-all conferences which emphasized the closeness between Godfrey and his staff.

Every Thursday morning, with the big Wednesday night show finished and "slept on," Arthur Godfrey would get together



Arthur Godfrey is now one of the most powerful, wealthiest men in the nation.

with a representative group of his associates. This group directed the policies and made the decisions for the format for the next Wednesday night show—that is, in theory they made the decision, and surprisingly enough, quite often they actually did.

The group would get together and throw ideas back and forth—words flying thick and fast and no holds barred! A cross-section of the staff, selected by Godfrey, included Will Roland, Larry Puck (*producer*), Bob Blyer (*director*), two of the writers, probably Chuck Horner and Al Moritz, and two representatives of the cast, often Janette Davis and Tom Lockard, one of the Mariners. From these people came the ideas for the next Wednesday show. Many times these conferences turned into a battle royal with Mr. Godfrey acting as moderator.

Though most of the time the show would be set by unanimity of opinion—still it has happened that a small group of the whole stood up for an idea that finally won out, or that Godfrey had an idea that he wanted to try even if nobody else believed in it as he did.

And the opinions of the listeners and viewers have never been neglected. Doreen Partin, who has charge of Godfrey's office staff, makes up from the mail of the preceding week, a complete "vote sheet" of the letters coming in pro and con for the show—with quotes from any and all letters which she feels would be interesting to the production staff. These reports are carefully read by Godfrey before he meets with his staff and are considered before any final decision is reached.

So the Godfrey that his staff knows is a Godfrey who listens to what each one has to say, but never hesitates to exert his own power as the "boss." He will direct the director, and write for the writers, and he always has the final word. He is approachable, is "Arthur" to most who work on his show, but he is as human as any of them, and has moods and likes and dislikes that must be considered. His staff doesn't think of him as "a being of eternal sweetness and light." He is the "Arthur" who works with them to try to put out the best entertainment they can devise. If he "pulls his rank," it is understandable. If he doesn't, it is

appreciated and they all work the harder for him.

He has two secretaries—one personal and one social. His social secretary, Mary Ann Van, says "Sometimes he's just real sweet" and a good illustration for the kind of thing she is thinking of is the real friendship he has shown for some of the people who work for him. For instance, his co-pilot for his DC-6 had to move to Florida seven years ago because of his wife's health. Godfrey bought a home for them, taking a mortgage on it. On the tenth year that the pilot was with Godfrey, for his anniversary present Arthur gave him the deed to his house and he had charged him no interest on any of the previous payments.

These are the things which can't be forgotten, even while we remember that Godfrey is now one of the most wealthy and powerful men in this country. He owns interest in the frozen fruit industry, in a bank, in a real-estate development, in farming and ranch lands, and (*it's been rumored*) also a few oil wells on the side.

Groucho Marx ribbed Godfrey on his growing power, in a letter which read something like this—

"Dear Arthur Godfrey: I have never met you. I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you. In fact, all I know is that your name is Arthur Godfrey. We are very happy that your operation was a success, and we welcome you back to the network, or should I say, your network."

And, of course, though it isn't true that Mr. Godfrey owns the CBS network, it would be a sad day indeed if he ever went over to NBC. The crash of '29 in Wall Street couldn't compare to what would happen at 485 Madison Avenue!

And whether Mr. Godfrey owns the network or not, his policy is the policy of the network, not the network's policy his. The greatest example of this is his recent public spat with a doctor in Washington, D.C. Right or wrong, the point remains that what Godfrey had to say was no concern of the network. If Godfrey said it, Godfrey said it. And as far as the network was concerned, the only man who could reprimand Godfrey was Godfrey.

Editor's Post Script

NEVER has there been more fuss and furore than that caused by the unfortunate Godfrey-La Rosa incident. Similar misunderstandings have occurred before in show business and, after much display of temperamental fireworks, have died down and been forgotten. We hope the same will be true of the "battle of humility." The American public, always quick to take the part of the underdog, naturally favored singer Julius and his desire to get ahead. To them he was representative of the average young man eager to succeed. Arthur was automatically cast as the villain of the piece intent on stifling the ambition of a promising young singer. Such of course was not the case, as Arthur later proved. As we erect an R.I.P. over the squabble, let's keep in mind if it had not happened La Rosa would not be as famous nor as well paid as he is today.

END

IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GINA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

appeal has also had a profound effect on some of film's outstanding connoisseurs of female attributes. Errol Flynn, who chose Gina as his leading lady in "Crossed Swords," had this to say: "What a department store this lovely is! She has everything you could want on every floor, and plenty of overstock, too." Humphrey Bogart, soon to be seen with Gina and Jennifer Jones in John Huston's "Beat The Devil," was overheard muttering these lava-soaked words: "This gal is molten ore. What an ingot! She burns me, burns me, burns me. Look at me, I'm a crisp!" And John Huston himself had this point to make: "In any serious discussion of Gina's talent, you can't ignore her bosom. That, my friend, is an extraordinary talent to have and to hold. In fact, every time I recall Gina to mind, I must confess that even her elbows seem to be bosoms."

But the most revealing comment of all comes from Gina's fortunate husband, a handsome Yugoslav physician named Dr. Milko Skofic. "She is every man's ideal come to life. She is the epitome of woman, caught at that moment when her beauty and femininity are at their zenith—rich, full and ripe. Her greatest appeal is with married men. They see in her the wife incarnate, beautiful, ever-appealing, always fertile. I have heard it said that my Gina has had a positive effect on the Italian birthrate. With our pressing population problem, this is not good for Italy. But for you Americans, it is a much different thing. My wife has a magnetic effect on married couples which is nothing less than historic. She does not break up homes, destroy marriages and cause discontent between man and wife. She builds homes, strengthens the marriage institution, and restores passion and romance to couples. Who else do you know who has this same effect?"

It was my honor and privilege to have a private sampling of this pulsating work of art, who has this magical effect on the marriage institution. To be absolutely honest, the sampling was not exactly private. Her husband was there *all the time*. In fact, it was he who first appeared to greet me in their handsomely-decorated terrace apartment overlooking Rome.

"I am Dr. Milko Skofic," he said in excellent English, smiling charmingly as he gave me a complete once-over. "Gina Lollobrigida is my wife, and I prefer that no man forget it. That includes Errol Flynn and Humphrey Bogart and the man who walked all the way from Sweden to ask Gina to marry him. He could have saved himself a great deal of shoe-leather if he had written me first. I would have told him point blank that though I am very broad-minded, I have no intention of sharing my wife with any other individual. With the public collectively, yes. With another man, never. As for the stories you have heard about my being on the set all the time, they are exaggerated. I sometimes must be away for fifteen or twenty minutes. And I do not, as reports indicate, kiss my wife passionately between every take to remind everyone that

I am around. Believing in variety, I sometimes only press her hand to my lips or give her a warm hug. I am not what you would call a jealous or possessive husband."

Just at this moment, the 25-year-old contender for the glamour throne made her entrance. Beautiful? Oo, la, la! None of her photographs and none of the array of adjectives tossed out by critics and fans really did her justice. She is an alabaster statue come to life. From the top of her lustrous brown hair to the tips of her exquisite feet, she is a study in perfection. Her dress of simple classic lines, following every contour of her symmetrical body, was demurely buttoned to her neck. But she packed more wallop fully covered than a dozen bosomy maidens of international fame wearing their most daring strapless gowns. Her features are classically wrought. Her lips are lush and inviting and her complexion satiny smooth. Her enormous brown eyes are big enough to take a swim in, and are they limpid! Bogey was right. What an ingot! This "Italian doll" as she was joyfully called by Bosley Crowther of the New York Times after he caught her in the French film, "Fan-Fan The Tulip," radiated enough heat to change the climate of Siberia.

I asked Gina if she had read the Bosley Crowther comment. She looked at her husband, giggled slightly and then nodded mischievously. I then inquired if she knew what "doll" meant in the Runyonesque sense of the word. A wicked look gleamed in her eyes. "Oh, sure I know," she replied in a deliciously-flavored English, flickering her *real* two-inch black lashes. "It's the same as *puppa* in Italian. A doll can be loved and looked after by daddy, but it doesn't always have to be her own." We all laughed at her apt description which would have delighted Damon Runyon. I recalled what John Huston had told me about her sense of humor. "She's earthy once her guard is down, and can tell a yarn peppered with words and phrases a truck-driver would be proud of. She's a heck of a lot of fun."

Gina made a cute little bow in my direction. "You see how I try to speak English for you," she said in her intimate and warmly-modulated voice. "I want to be able to express myself well when I come to your country. It is lucky that I make two pictures in English so that I can practice. I am improving, no?" She looked at Dr. Skofic for approval. He took her hand and pressed his lips to it. She smiled. "Milko thinks only of me. He is such a fine doctor, but he concentrates so on me and my career that he has no time for patients. Soon I will be his entire medical practice! He is not only my husband, but my adviser and my alter ego. And he is always with me on the set."

Milko broke in quickly to explain. "I learn a great deal about human behavior on the movie set. A doctor must know all about people, everything he can."

Gina grinned and caressed her husband's ear. "When Bogey and I were mak-

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ing this 'Beat The Devil' on location in southern Italy, there were many stories about how we were having a wild romance. Now how was this possible with my Milko with me all the time? When we were back in England finishing the film, Betty Bacall comes from Hollywood to visit Bogey. We were all introduced to her. When my turn came, I politely said, 'How do you do, Mrs. Bogart?' She looked me up and down with her green eyes, not saying anything. Then she slowly turned to Milko and said 'I hope you kept an eye on them because I can tell you that I was very good in California.' Well, I am always very good. Even if Milko were 5,000 miles away, I would be good. I only like to be bad with *him*." She bestowed a tender smile on her mate.

"You have no idea how good it is to come home after working all day, making passionate love before cameras and coming in and out of bathtubs absolutely nude," Gina continued. "I love home-life. I like to sew and cook and tend to my little flowers and shrubs out there." She pointed to the greenery which decorated the terrace. "Also I enjoy painting, singing and reading."

"She does not smoke, drink, play cards or take drugs," Milko interrupted to report. "And I am not wicked with other men," Gina went on to say. "You see, I have no vices whatsoever."

Milko looked at her in mock sternness. "You have one very important vice and you had better not forget it," he said. Gina looked at him quizzically. "And his name is Milko Skofic!" Gina laughed loudly at his little joke, and her well-appointed attributes accompanied her with endearing heartiness.

"I hope when I come to America, you men will not think only of my physical characteristics, and will keep in mind that I know that there is more than a bedroom to a house," Gina then commented as she seductively crossed her legs. "I admit that I have no objection to an honest appreciation of my bodily characteristics, however. When I disrobe completely as I do in 'Beauties In The Night,' and slowly walk to my bath, it would be foolish for me to go to all the trouble if it gave no one pleasure. After all, I risk exposure to influenza, pneumonia and all kinds of unspeakable danger. I wish to give pleasure. If one person likes my smile, another my eyes, someone else the way I walk or speak, another my nude back and someone else every single curve of my figure, that is absolutely all right with me. I am very democratic and am glad if I have many things to offer for each and everyone of you to choose. Is this not true, darling?"

Her darling—her husband, not me—nodded in solemn agreement. "Everything Gina says is true," he explained. "As I have often said, I believe that her appeal is that of the fecund wife, happy and fulfilled in her own home. Out of it, Gina is really very quiet until she is relaxed. When she first met Bogart and Flynn and John Huston, they did not understand her. They could not see how a woman who, when she was before a camera was a Latin volcano, could, when she was by herself, be so demure. They

used to call her Lollofrigida or Lollofrigidaire. But once they found out that she was naturally shy with anyone not her husband, and was not a snob at all, everyone became good friends. I repeat, *friends*. I am in a position to know because I was on the set most of the time." He winked at his wife. Gina winked back and that tantalizing gleam appeared again in her *magnifico* eyes. "After all," he said with a smile, "a doctor must learn everything he can about human behavior."

Before long, we Americans will have a first-hand opportunity to learn everything we can about Gina—and, of course, her physician-husband who will accompany her to study human behavior. But before anyone comes to a final conclusion as to who will take first place in any international glamour competition, this reporter suggests a close perusal of the following paean written by an outstanding

Italian writer about the fabulous Gina.

"It would be easy to say that she is too beautiful," he wrote. "When nude, they drape her with a shawl, pile up her hair on her forehead, thus accentuating the shadows on her eyelids; the heart of the public opens to her, men naturally liking her more than women. To the men, in fact, is dedicated that air of innocence which arouses in them a desire to win her for their own. If I were to see her in a costume film, I would see in her a splendid figure, divided between pride and surrender, adventurous and distinctive, the earrings of drop-pearls seeming to blossom from her dark curls like buds of night jasmine."

Forewarned is forearmed, Marilyn, Jane Rita, Ava and Lana! To arms—and to all other valuable attributes of the female anatomy!

It's going to be a very warm Winter. END

PAULETTE'S HAUNTING PAST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

the third marriage for each.

Her first husband was Edward James, a Nashville, Tenn., lumberman. Marrying him in New York City, while she was still in her teens, she divorced him in a year.

Her marriage to Chaplin was unconfirmed for years until she obtained a divorce from the comedian in Juarez, Mexico, in June, 1942. At that time she revealed she had married Chaplin in 1936, and that they had separated in 1940.

By the time Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard crossed each other's path and decided they were "inevitably destined for one another," both had risen to high esteem as actors.

Within a month after their wedding she told friends that "this was the right marriage."

"Burgess and I are congenial," she said. "We have so much in common. We like to laugh, to study together, and he takes great pride in my screen career."

To Hollywood it was apparent she was no longer under reserve about her marital life, as she was during the six years she was wed to Chaplin.

She said she decided upon marrying "Buzz" after she went overseas as a USO entertainer during the War.

It was, she said at the time, no sudden impulse, however. They "had known each other three years and had seen each other almost daily during his two-year assignment to Los Angeles as a member of the Air Force."

Meredith had starred in such plays as "Winterset," "High Tor," "The Star Wagon," "The Playboy Of The Western World" and "Liliom." For a time he was commuting between Hollywood screen roles and Broadway. He played the role of *Ernie Pyle* in "The Story Of GI Joe" after his return to civilian life.

Then he was cast in the film "Second Chorus." Paulette Goddard was a leading figure in the picture. It was love at first sight for both of them. She admired his

quiet force, his skill at realistic portrayal.

For him, Paulette was a brunette with a "zing" personality—vibrant, shrewd, naturally gay, unfailingly cheerful. And, of course, very easy on the eyes.

Congeniality reigned with them for a few brief years.

But in less than five years after an Air Force private, named Love, had driven the officiating chaplain to their wedding ceremony in the Selznick mansion, they were admitting their marriage was on the rocks.

A continent then separated them. In New York, Meredith made no secret of the fact he and Paulette were separated.

She, in Hollywood, admitted she wanted a divorce and had asked him for one.

The hitch in the final break was in the property settlement.

By the middle of April, 1949, she had established legal residence in Cuernavaca, and had filed action for a quickie divorce.

Paulette, however, as close-mouthed as during her marriage to Chaplin, gave out no details on the reasons for the split-up.

Meredith was not as reticent. He merely commented that the marriage failed because of the distance between them.

"I was usually working in New York, she in California," he said.

Paulette Goddard kept her beautiful mouth shut for six long years, it is remembered, while everybody guessed whether she was actually married to Chaplin.

The world knew she was a protege of Chaplin, but it was anxious to know if she was also his bride.

Paulette would not tell. She would not say "yes" or "no" until she was forced into it by court action. Then, she just said "yes," she was Mrs. Charles Chaplin. Merely that and nothing more.

Chaplin also refused to confirm the marriage.

The long-awaited news of it was not revealed until a divorce decree was awarded her in June, 1942, on the grounds of "incompatibility."

So secretive was her court action against Chaplin that an entry of the decree was ordered removed from the record by the Mexican judge who issued it.

Hurrying from Juarez to New York, Paulette was still as hush-hush as Army intelligence. Though reporters camped on her hotel doorstep pleading for the "inside story" of the divorce, she would not talk.

Her reticence concerning her life with Chaplin has continued through the years. Returning from a European trip last Fall aboard the liner Nieuw Amsterdam, she parried queries at 6:30 a.m. at the ship's Hoboken pier as to what she thought of the Government's threat to bar the comedian's re-entry into the U.S.

"His works speak for him," was her cryptic comment.

Asked to explain the remark, Paulette smiled and said:

"There is nothing greater on the screen than Chaplin off the screen." Then she added: "That's pretty good, don't you think, so early in the morning?"

It will be recalled that U.S. Immigration officers on the Mexican border last October were ordered by the Justice Department to check on Paulette's divorce from Chaplin if moral turpitude were involved in either their marriage or divorce.

Chaplin had just returned to his native England for the premiere of his latest picture, "Limelight." Because he never became an American citizen, the Justice Department had ordered that the comedian be detained if and when he tried to re-enter this country.

Paulette Goddard was born June 3, 1911, at Great Neck, L. I. Her uncle, Charles Goddard, was a prominent resident of the town. More important, he was a good friend of the late Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.

The pert, pretty, stage-struck high school girl persuaded Uncle Charlie to speak to his good friend about her. Uncle Charlie agreed, and she was hired by Ziegfeld for the musical show, "Rio Rita."

She was only 15 years old, and her role was simple but eye-filling. It called for her to perch on a prop moon and smile at the audience. As "the girl on the moon," Paulette attracted attention. It was not long before she was on her way to Hollywood to work in some comedy shorts for Hal Roach.

She was busy with these assignments for a few years. Then Chaplin announced he was planning to make a picture called, "Modern Times."

He also stated he was "looking for a beautiful girl" for the film. He wanted, he specified, "not an actress, but a beautiful girl." Paulette applied, and landed the job. She was on the way to fame and fortune. She knew it. So did everyone else in Hollywood.

"Modern Times" was two years in production and throughout the period Paulette's photos were given wide publicity

With her mother she went on a world tour as a guest of Chaplin. When they reached Canton the young actress and her comedian mentor were married. No members of the press were on hand, no one in far off Hollywood was the wiser.

Back in California, Paulette was assigned to bigger and better parts. It was found that she imparted a gay, mischievous, gamin-like quality to pictures which was appealing to movie fans. She played a prominent part in Chaplin's "Hard Times." She was the original selection for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind," but bowed out when filming of the picture was postponed too often.

At the same time she was winning additional reputations as one of the best groomed, most attractive-appearing women on—or off—the screen. As her movie career made her one of the wealthiest women in Hollywood, Paulette found more time to travel, to vary her activities.

With her brilliant success as an actress, her shrewd business sense which has enabled her to make unusually advantageous contracts for herself, and her popularity as a personality, she enjoyed life to the full.

"I have fun just living," she would say—and probably still says.

Within her radiance, Meredith also was enthusiastic.

"She's good to me," he said.

It seemed for a time that the Goddard-Meredith union was to be one of the happiest of Hollywood-Broadway alliances.

The Cleveland-born, Amherst-educated Meredith, who once ran a haberdashery, was a reporter in Stamford, Conn., a salesman at Macy's in New York and an ordinary seaman with the Munson Line, had become an important figure in the theatre.

Eventually forming his own film producing company, he made and acted in five pictures, including "Diary Of A Chambermaid," which featured Paulette. None of the films clicked in a big way at the box-office, and Meredith called it a Hollywood day and returned East.

The Hollywood farewell was to result also in a farewell to his marriage to Paulette Goddard. Being vital personalities, neither was to rest long on past laurels. Or, for that matter, on past memories.

In 1950 Burgess Meredith was married for the fourth time. His new bride, Kaja Sundsten, made her debut on Broadway in the revue, "Peep Show." They are the parents of a two-year-old son.

Paulette Goddard's star, meanwhile, continues luminous in the Hollywood skies, no matter where she is temporarily pitching her tent. She is investing much of her own money in the films she is making.

Edward G. Robinson, with whom she starred in "Vice Squad," recently summed up Hollywood's opinion of her.

"Paulette Goddard will always be a big star, a name to contend with," he said.

She hasn't aged in appearance through the years. Maybe she is still a girl who would like to go on forever. **END**



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MR. AND MRS. HAYMES OF CONNECTICUT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

He tucks the children in bed, he has many a meal with them, insists they have a well-balanced diet. He plays with them, reads to them, and in return, gets from them a response which would do credit to any real father.

The paternal attribute, of course, is no new experience for him. He has three children—two girls and a boy—by his second wife, Joanne Dru.

Connecticut—a continent's span from Hollywood—would seem to be providing an old-fashioned Louisa May Alcott setting for the new life of Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes.

Hollywood and Broadway, while understanding, are somewhat incredulous. Two questions are uppermost: How could it have happened? Why did it happen—this spectacular union?

According to some Hollywood observers, Dick's appeal for the beautiful bombshell was set off by his marked resemblance to a younger and thinner Orson Welles, who was her second husband from 1942 to 1948.

It all started last March. Rita was coming East by train for the world premiere of "Salome" in New York. Dick was on the same train, planning to give his somewhat sagging career a lift with some new recording, television and night club work.

They met each other casually. But . . . their response to each other was not casual. They fell for each other like a ton of gossip columns. It was LOVE and no mistake, no misinterpretation.

For Dick here was an extraordinary personality—gorgeous, sparkling, pyrotechnic.

For Rita, here was a fellow of vigor, buoyancy and charm.

Their love affair got hotter in the ensuing months. It became Big News in the land. For a time there was nothing like Rita Hayworth's latest entanglement to chase war and taxes and the high cost of living from America's mind.

As bandleader Duke Ellington said last Summer when the couple visited a New York night club where he was dishing up his own sizzling stuff: "It looks real real."

But in their sudden rapture Rita and Dick could not afford to be careless or impractical. Both had to face the fact that not only was he broke, but still a married man.

And while reporters wore out typewriters recording the progress of the romance, the couple proceeded like novelists to make love triumphant over every obstacle.

Dick got a job crooning at a Las Vegas, Nev., hotel. It enabled him to fork over \$8,000 cash and \$100 weekly alimony to his estranged wife, Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, in exchange for his freedom to obtain a quickie Reno divorce. Nora had already obtained a divorce from Dick in California, but that would not become final for a year.

He signed a pre-nuptial pact which safeguarded all of Rita's income and property from possible attachment.

He agreed to a plan of his lawyers to

let a creditors' committee control his finances and thus disperse the creditors camping on his doorstep.

"At last—after so many difficulties," sighed Rita as she and Dick got a marriage license in the Las Vegas courthouse last September 23.

They claimed permanent residence in Nevada, but said they would move directly to the East. "All my work is in the East," Dick explained as he prepared to move into Rita's suite at the Sands Hotel. A reporter asked him if he had ever tasted any of Rita's cooking.

"Who would marry Rita Hayworth for her cooking?" he asked.

She wanted a wedding with "no frills this time," she said.

"After all, I'm getting Dick Haymes and that's all that matters. It's enough that we love each other."

Dick, too, voiced his feelings about his betrothed.

"I love this girl so much I will do anything in the world to protect her," he said. "I only thank God that I have her and her love to inspire me to work and take care of all my troubles."

On September 24th in the Gold Room of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas the actress and the singer were married, while nearby tables were noisy with the movements of unheeding gamblers. Yasmin

and Rebecca stood near with adoring glances toward their mother who said her "I do's" with tears in her eyes.

Earlier in the day Yasmin, curious about her mother's activity, had asked:

"What are you doin', Mommy?"

"Getting married," replied Rita.

The ceremony was in contrast to the star's lavish French wedding to Aly at his villa on the Riviera in 1949.

"I feel wonderfully happy," said Rita. "I'm married to the man I really love. It sounds so wonderful to be called Mrs. Haymes."

Since their marriage financial trouble has not harassed either Dick or Rita. Dick, however, knows he has to keep crooning, if only to placate the Internal Revenue Bureau and meet his alimony payments to Nora and Joanne. And Rita is still seeking an adequate settlement for Yasmin from Aly and his fabulously wealthy father, the Aga Khan. She refused to accept a \$1,000,000 settlement when Aly stipulated Yasmin be raised as a Moslem princess.

Meanwhile, Joanne Dru wants her children to be near their father. She is strongly opposed to any action which would bar him permanently from the country.

Significantly, during his marriage to Joanne he was once named the Ideal Father of the Year.

It may be, judging from Connecticut reports, Dick Haymes will earn the title a second time.

END

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

for her night club debut, she hadn't seen her husband in more than six months . . .

Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes cancelled a New York vacation trip because Rita and Dick Haymes were living in nearby Connecticut and she didn't want to add to their problems by creating any further interest in herself.

Grace Kelly is the pretty daughter of wealthy John Kelly, president of the Atlantic City, N. J., race track. Until she went to Hollywood she had never missed an opening day at the track. Next season she'll be on hand, as of old—her follow-up film to "Dial M" will be made on location at the Atlantic City racing grounds.

Ray Milland had a hard time keeping his new film director's contract a secret during a party at the Carlyle Hotel. He finally spilled the news to his pals but asked them to keep it quiet for a while. They did—for almost twenty-four hours.

Charlton Heston couldn't be talked into braving the Broadway critics with a limited engagement of his production of "Macbeth" on the New York stage despite the fact he was such a success in the play in Bermuda. It was too big a gamble.

Now that Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner have called it a day, Gotham pals have stopped wondering about what would happen when Ava reported on the set of "My Most Intimate Friend," the film in which she's to co-star with Lana Turner. It was Frankie, you will remember, who once tried to break up the Turner-Gardner friendship . . .

Barbara Payton and Tom Neal tiffed at La Guardia Airport before embarking for Pittsburgh. They took separate planes—Neal went first, with La Payton following on another flight. She missed seeing her ex-husband, Franchot Tone, by a matter of minutes as he arrived from Canada with his long-time girl friend, Betsy Von Furstenberg . . .

Orson Welles got the brush from most of his former Broadway stage associates when he returned from his long European trip—his reported friendship with ex-King Farouk being one of the reasons . . .

Shirley Booth, Tallulah Bankhead and Helen Hayes all voiced the same opinion over the way they were photographed in "Main Street To Broadway." It's the last time any of them will make brief appearances in films, even for charity—the

consensus being that such unflattering photography can do them more harm professionally than if they declined to pitch in and help in the first place. Being three of Broadway's and Hollywood's most generous performers, they've never refused to do their bit in the past for any worthy charity, and they've all donated their services individually for more than twenty years whenever called upon. "Main Street To Broadway" will discourage other stage greats—Katharine Cornell, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Eva Le Gallienne—from appearing on the screen. And that's a great loss to theatre-lovers throughout the world—those who've never seen these extraordinarily talented stage personalities . . .

Marilyn Erskine flew into New York after a spat with Donald O'Connor and flew right back to Hollywood after he telephoned long-distance and patched up their misunderstanding. Three Gotham swains, anxious to entertain the provocative Marilyn, were left at the gate, waiting. She forgot to tell them she decided to go back to the West Coast and Donald . . .

Vic Damone went into hiding the minute he returned to Gotham from the West Coast. He's very unhappy over the way his career didn't zoom him to the top. The Eddie Fisher competition is too big to fight so Vic is now studying dramatics in a great big way for TV and films . . .

Queen Elizabeth's surgeon, Sir James Paterson Ross, lecturing before a group of New York Hospital medical men, noticed a beautiful blonde volunteer worker standing in the rear of the auditorium and spoke to her at the end of his discussions. The Royal Family's doctor thought the young lady looked familiar and said so. The volunteer worker admitted he might have seen her—if he went to the movies. It was Nina Foch. . . Nina, assigned to impersonate Queen Fredericka of Greece, in the film story of her life, because of her striking resemblance, followed the Queen around on her first American visit late in the Fall to study her characteristics . . .

Dolores Gray, the Broadway star, is looking forward to sharing stellar honors with Fred Astaire in MGM's "French Quarter" (to be filmed in New Orleans) but Director Vincente Minnelli and the Gray gal have never been very friendly—dates back to the days of his marriage to Judy Garland . . .

And isn't MGM competing with itself by announcing another musical film with the French touch, "Montmartre," co-starring Leslie Caron and Cyd Charisse, particularly since Cyd was removed from "French Quarter" to make way for Dolores Gray? At the Stork Club, Cyd and Tony Martin wouldn't comment on the switch in her film commitments, but eavesdroppers hinted that Cyd didn't like being taken away from Fred Astaire—not after their "Band Wagon" success . . .

Someone should tell TV star Jack ("Dragnet") Webb how to get along bet-

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1953.

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(My commission expires March 30, 1954).

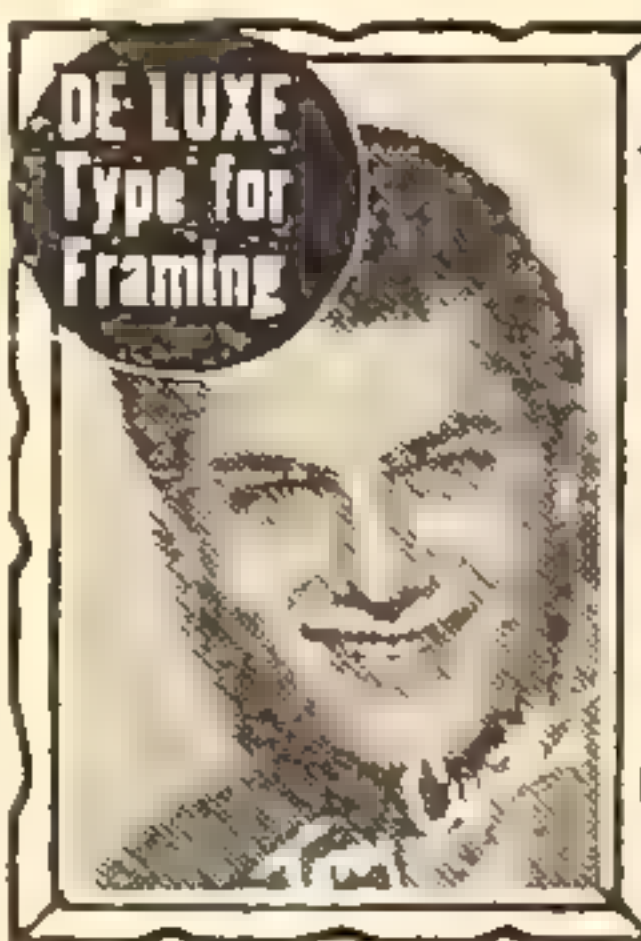
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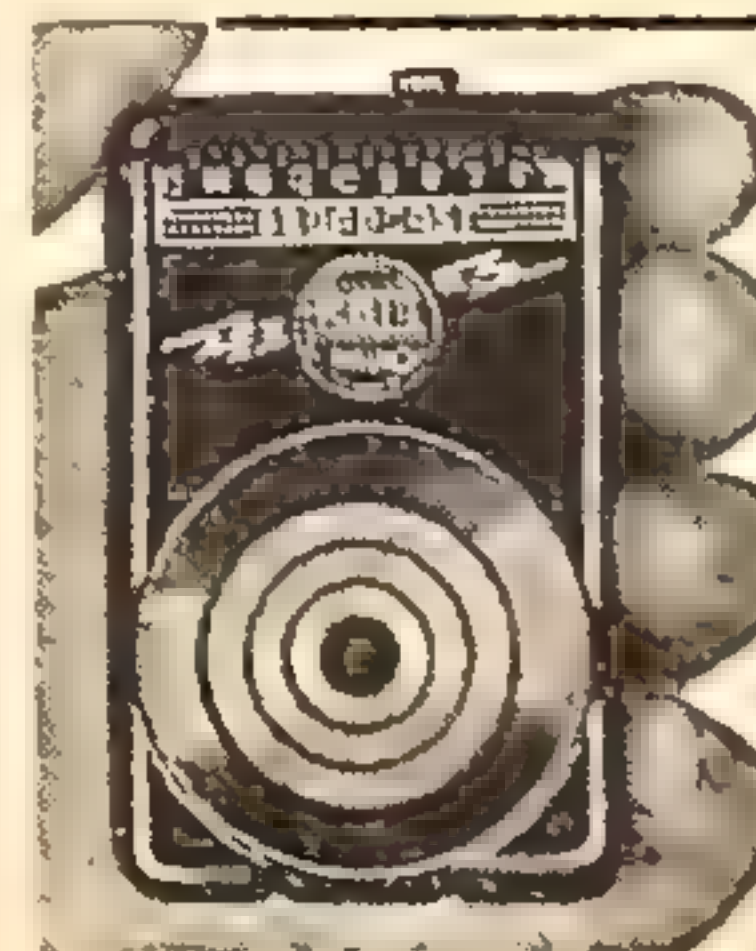
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ter with the New York press. His vague, so-called disarming manner may delight his many video fans, but hard-boiled reporters haven't the time to be impressed. With his pending movie plans for a Hollywood film version of "Dragnet," he'd be wise to start cultivating Manhattan scribes he's given "the Webb treatment" to in the past. Invitations to "meet Jack Webb" went unanswered during a recent attempt to whip the Fourth Estaters into a group for a last-minute cocktail reception.

Jack Palance, scheduled to portray Jack Dempsey in a film biog of the celebrated pugilist, has invited the "Manassa Mauler" to share his Manhattan apartment with him. The ten-room living quarters, long occupied by the Palances, overlooks Central Park, and Palance has installed a completely equipped gymnasium in one of the guest bedrooms. Palance will train and get into shape under the supervision of Dempsey right in his own home. For outdoor workouts, Central Park. **END**

Ann Sheridan's proposed telefilm series will net her more than \$100,000 annually—and for seven years, at that. Then the rights to the filmed properties revert to her . . .

MGM won't part with a package of Greta Garbo films unless they're rented for two years at least. The asking price is \$1,000,000 per film, per year, and includes "Queen Christina," "Camille," "Anna Christie" and "Conquest" . . .

Cary Grant wants \$17,500 for a single appearance on "Your Show Of Shows"; Betty Hutton will settle for \$12,500 for a guest shot on the same program, but Judy Garland, already offered \$50,000 to guest on the Kathryn Murray program, would take \$10,000 for performing on the Sid Caesar-Imogene Coca comedy hour, if, and we mean if, the entire "Your Show Of Shows" format can be written around her comeback movie, "A Star Is Born."

No one sings "I Believe" quite like Jane Froman. If she ever tires of "With A Song In My Heart" (which seems unlikely), her next theme song could very well be "I Believe" and none of her fans would object . . .

Former singing stars Rosemary Lane, Lee Wiley, Nan Wynn, Shirley Ross and Libby Holman are all getting video bids from George Jessel, who hopes to be able to revive interest in their careers.

Julius La Rosa is planning the erection of a seven room "beach house" in a remote section of Fire Island, New York—hopes to have it completed by the Spring of 1955—in time for a future honeymoon, Julius? . . .

Joan Caulfield as a brunette is a future prospect. The "My Favorite Husband" star hopes to do a telefilm series to be produced by her husband, Frank Ross, based on the popular "Spitfire" series which once starred the late Lupe Velez in the movies . . .

Robert Q. Lewis turned down an offer to make a series of TV films based on former Harold Lloyd hits. Robert Q. would prefer something a little more original. He thinks the comparison (although most of his younger fans never saw Lloyd pictures) would be harmful.

Ruthie Gilbert, Milton Berle's "private secretary," just bought a new mink coat—out of her earnings during last Summer's cow-barn circuit theatre tour. She'll take to Summer theatre work again during the coming warm weather months unless "Uncle Miltie" decides to make vaudeville personal appearances with his entire TV troupe during June, July and August. Either way, Ruthie's salary has quadrupled during the past two seasons, and whether she takes to the Berle unit tour, or Summer stock, she'll have two mink coats, a year from Xmas. . . . **END**

Hear and see Maggi on her own program, "Maggi's Private Wire," Monday through Friday over WABC and WABC-TV, New York. See Maggi on "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturdays over ABC-TV.

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

hoped it was true. Either way, Rosie had to be dropped as the singing star of the proposed show . . .

The long, hoped-for guest appearance of Janet Gaynor on one of Charlie Farrell's "My Little Margie" shows, has bit the dust. The anticipated reunion of this famous acting team, which would have been a gem of nostalgia—they were the rage of Hollywood in 1927 in "Seventh Heaven"—has been cancelled. The former screen queen has decided to remain in retirement . . .

Peter Avramo, of "Date With Judy," is quietly preparing a future career as a ballet dancer. He wants to create an original ballet for TV and eventually form a ballet troupe. He'll star in both, of course—all of this when he's 18 . . .

His CBS-TV bosses are trying to convince Red Buttons he should do something about his pepper-and-salt gray hair. With color TV on the way, it is suggested he might try to recapture his former carrot-topped tresses. To date Red is still saying "no!" . . .

Mickey Rooney hopes to be Donald O'Connor's stiffest competition on TV within the next six months, if he can find the right comedy format. Mickey might stand a chance if he'll do just what Donald has always done—be himself. A dancing and singing Mickey Rooney would be very welcome on TV . . .

"Chips Off The Old-Block-Head," an ad-lib, thrice-weekly, fifteen minute telefilm, is in the works. It stars Hal Block, former "What's My Line?" panelist . . .

Patrice Munsel's husband, Bob Schuller, is preparing a video series to star his actress-singer wife, in which she'll portray singing greats of the last century—classical as well as popular—and the latter-day song stylists will include Jenny Lind, Nora Bayes, Anna Held, Grace Moore and Gertrude Lawrence . . .

Robert Cummings and his wife, Mary, will tour Europe next Summer and gather enough material, including moving pictures, for a book, several magazine articles and 26 video shows in which both Bob and Mary will act as commentators . . .

John Henry Faulk, after his "Leave It

To The Girls" TV appearance, wouldn't let go of his dancing partner, producer Joan Sinclair, during Martha Rountree's elegant soiree at the Sherry-Netherland. Joanie had to rumba, tango, waltz and jitterbug for a solid hour before they paused—did we say paused?—for a bit of light refreshment. They were off and at it again in a matter of minutes with John Henry claiming Joan was as agile with her feet as she is with her mind. They didn't miss a dance . . .

There isn't a girl in TV (those lucky enough to own the latest in fox stoles) who isn't panting for color TV to arrive. Faye Emerson's pale pink Leo Ritter original fox stole has to be seen in color to be believed. Your reporter went and had one made up in pale blue, and other gals who are joining the fashion parade with the latest in furs include Dorothy Kilgallen, Ceil Chapman and Eloise McElhone . . .

With more than 45,000,000 people watching "I Love Lucy" every week, and their MGM film, "The Long, Long Trailer" due for release early in the Winter, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, in 1954, will be the comedy team with the greatest number of audience viewers ever commanded by two personalities in the history of show business. Between both mediums, people everywhere will "love Lucy" in 1954 . . .

Kathryn and Arthur Murray will soon tour the nation with Murray dancers, making personal appearances Coast-to-Coast in search of new dancing talent. The units will also be, in part, actual experience for winners who will compete in various cities during the course of the scheduled tour. It's the Murrays' plan to get out to meet their public and at the same time help exploit their studios while helping young amateurs find jobs in show business . . .

Mercedes MacCambridge, one-time Academy Award winner, featured in Joan Crawford's "Johnny Guitar" movie, now has a bigger, ready-made audience by virtue of her "Studio One" appearances than she had after her Oscar-winning performance in the film, "All The King's Men." She'll return to TV after the Crawford opus is completed, but will continue to do two movies a year in between video assignments . . .

FORMULA FOR PERFECTION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

you'll never get to first base as a beauty unless you include proper care of your teeth in your program. Use a reliable tooth paste, like Ipana, and use it regularly. We suggest Ipana because the formula is intended to be used with massage as well as a brush, and the massage idea is no gimmick but a proven aid to dental health.

Daintiness is so much a part of cleanliness that it's easy to forget that you can be very, very well washed and still not stay dainty. In other words, don't make the mistake of thinking that you can improve your glamour-rating without the help of a deodorant or anti-perspirant. Use it daily. Choose one made by a firm with a long-standing reputation for dependability. Etiquet, for example, is made by Lehn and Fink Products Corporation, which should be enough of a recommendation to satisfy any doubting Thomas. What's more, you can get Etiquet in a liquid spray-on version, in a cream formula, and in a Deodorant Stick.

Getting on to the subject of skin-preservers brings us to Lenthier's new chemical marvel—and we do mean marvel. What you ask for is "On Hand," but what you get is a new lotion that looks, feels, and acts like no other lotion you ever used before. The reason for all this uniqueness is that On Hand contains a silicone compound that repels water and harsh detergents so that your hands are protected almost as completely as they would be if you were wearing gloves. (Because On Hand is a scientific formula and not a cosmetic it is sold with no Federal tax.) Three ounces, enough for 80 to 100 applications, sells for \$1.

But there are other extremities in addition to hands, that need special attention in this plan for perfection. Consider legs, for example. In these Winter months particularly, they take a lot of punishment from the weather. The Holeproof Stocking Saver is a soothing balm that attacks the problem with the realistic intention of saving you money—in stockings. In eliminating the causes of snagged stockings it supplies the incidental bonus of smoother, and therefore prettier, legs. It's a pleasant lotion to use; a soothing, soothing blend that has a lanolin and pure olive oil base. Actually, the formula is adapted from one used in hospitals to keep the skin of bedridden patients in normal condition.

And finally, we come to the glamourizers; the make-up that helps you "wrap-up" all these preliminaries into the one neat and lovely package that is the new you. The excitement in this department is concentrated on Houbigant because of their new Translucid series of lipsticks. In it you'll find eight different shades designed to tie in with new fashion colors. But even more important is the revamped Translucid formula. Now it gives you a non-drying, chap-proof color that lingers, without sacrificing the dewy-when you want.

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All" for Capitol . . . Guy Lombardo's "When I Plunk My Guitar" and "Would It Be Wrong" for Decca . . . Frank Chacksfield's "A Girl Called Linda" and "Golden Violins" for London . . . Bernie Wayne's "Zsa Zsa" and "Passionata" for Coral . . . Lu Ann Simms' "I Just Can't Wait Until Christmas" and "I Dreamt That I Was Santa Claus" for Columbia . . .

Grab Bag

GAYLA PEEVEY'S "I Want A Hippopotamus For Christmas" and "Are My Ears On Straight" for Columbia . . . Don Cornell-Alan Dale-Johnny Desmond harmonizing "Heart Of My Heart" and "I Think I'll Fall In Love Today" for Coral . . . Pee Wee Hunt's "Oh" and "San" for Capitol . . . Jan August's "Cow Cow Blues" and "Martha" for Mercury . . . Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney's "A Woman Is Strange" and "The Friendly Polka" for Mercury . . . "Someone" and "Vicki" by Hamish Menzies for Decca . . . Nelson Riddle's "Martin Kane Theme" and "Make Believe That You're In Love With Me" for Capitol . . . Arthur Godfrey's "Wait Till The Sun Shines Nelly Blues" and "Don't Tell Me The Same Things" for Columbia . . . June Valli's "Mystery Street" and "Don't Forget To Write" for Victor . . . Jimmy Palmer's "Soft Shoulders" and "Mama's Gone Goodbye" for Mercury . . .

END



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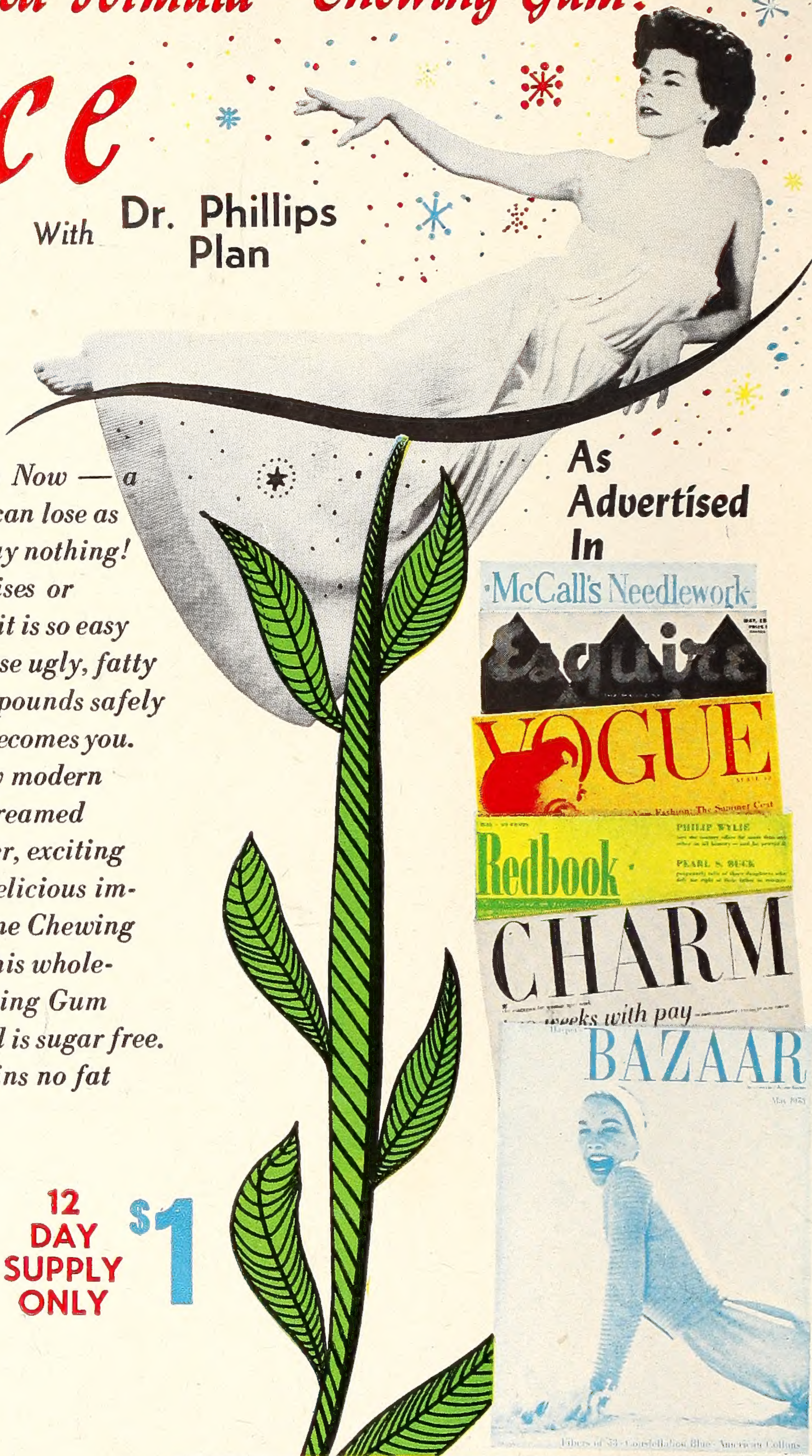
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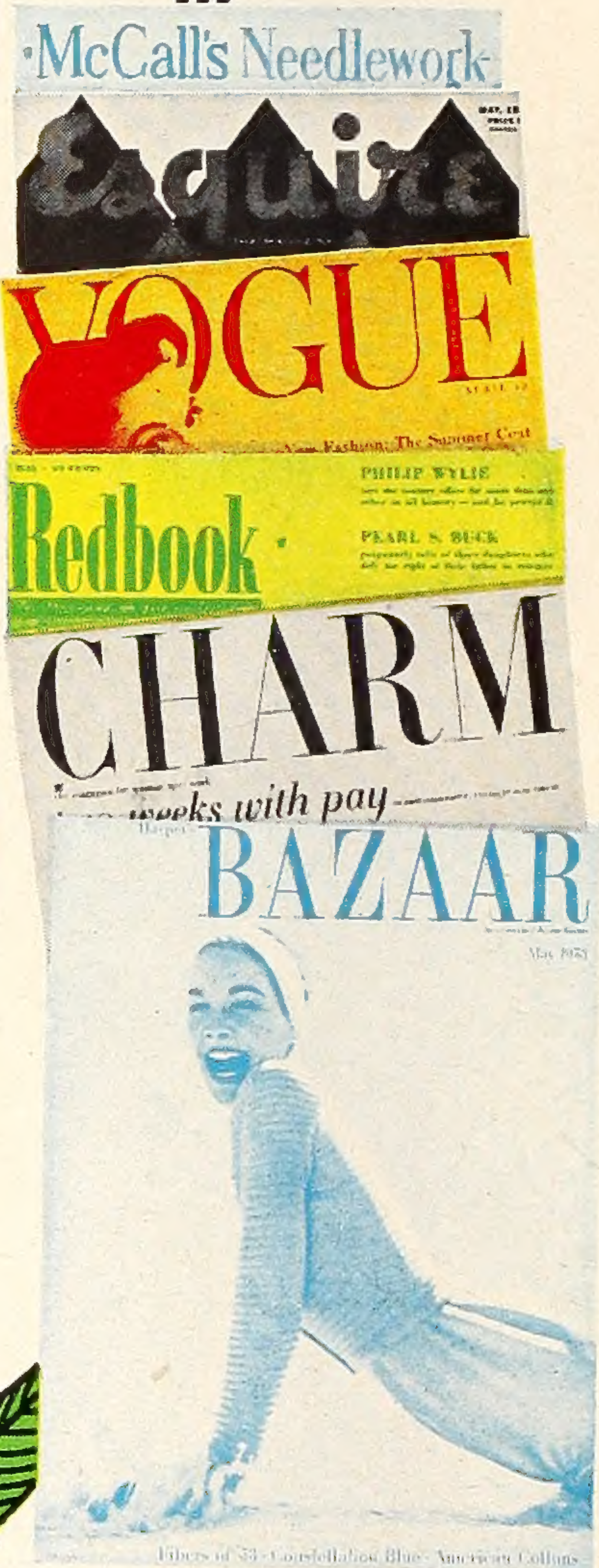
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